THE BYSTANDER
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MARCH 1, 1933

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The Bystander, March 1, 1933

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The BYSTANDER

"WHITE IN A SINGLE NIGHT"

A camera-study of Margaret Rawlings, whose performance in "The Venetian," at the Little Theatre, is a poetic memory, has been touring in New York and Australia for eighteen months. She returned to London to play in Peter Godfrey's production of "I Hate Men," at the Gate Theatre

Left : the Duke of Marlborough walking away from 55, Prince's Gate, where Mrs. Whigham held her daughter's reception

Above : Mlle. Sylvia de Oliveira and her escort leaving the reception after Miss Margaret Whigham's wedding

Right : the thousand guests at the wedding included almost all Mayfair's best-looking women ; on the right is Lady Lindsay-Hogg, one of the most attractive

Below, left : Miss Dorothy Hyson and Miss Leonie Harris were two in the procession of "lovelies" that decorated Prince's Gate last Tuesday morning

Below, right : Miss Audrey Simpson, Miss Rose Bingham, and Miss Mona Simpson were another trio of them

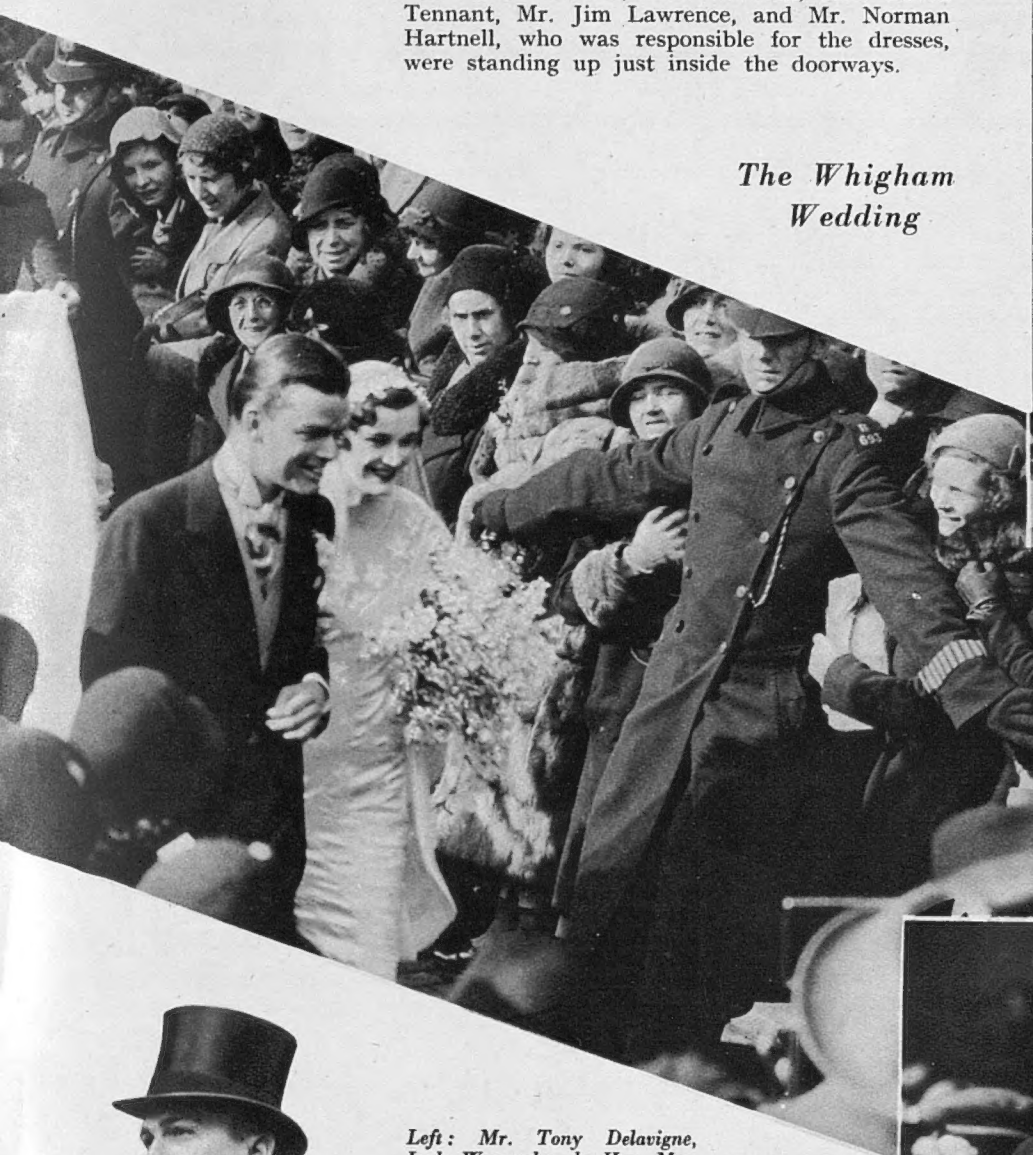
Circle : Mr. and Mrs. Ormonde Lawson-Johnston prepare to fight their way in to greet the bride and bridegroom

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

THERE seems to have been a certain number of people at the Brompton Oratory for Miss Margaret Whigham's wedding who had never been to a fully choral Roman Catholic wedding, and to judge from the behaviour of at least half the congregation, they had never even been inside a church before. It was so crowded that at least fifty or sixty people, including Mrs. Peter Horlick, Mrs. Fenwick, Mrs. David Tennant, Mr. Jim Lawrence, and Mr. Norman Hartnell, who was responsible for the dresses, were standing up just inside the doorways.

The Whigham Wedding



Above: Miss Whitaker and Lady Adare come out into the crowd, which was almost as big at the reception as at the church

Left: the bride and bridegroom going from the Brompton Oratory to their car between their "guard of honour" of policemen, and smiling just the way two people should smile after their wedding

Left: Mr. Tony Delavigne, Lady Warrender, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton, and Mr. John Loder watch Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny drive away

Mr. Charles Sweeny and Miss Margaret Whigham certainly had a "popular" wedding, and Miss Whigham looked quite as lovely as she has ever been described to be, and that is saying a good deal

DURING the entire service there was a crowd filling almost half the aisle. People were standing up on the pews, and not only people who had come in from the street, but those who should obviously have known better. In fact, one quite expected Douglas Byng, who was standing in the aisle, to burst into song at any moment.

BY the time we got to the reception, Prince's Gate looked like the Mall just before a Court. There was a queue of cars stretching nearly a mile. The first two people we met on the doorstep were Captain Tattersall, who publicly announced that he was not feeling cynical that day, and Mrs. Critchley, the wife of the General of that ilk.

Just inside were Lady Milbanke and Mrs. Thursby, and by one of the innumerable champagne bars was Mrs. Cecil Pim, back from India weighing much less than before she went out. Lord Inverclyde sipped a glass of wine near a door. Mrs. Whigham looked sad. Mrs. Sweeny (senior) told us proudly that she "had not dripped a single tear."

Dotted round one of the inner rooms were half Addington Golf Club—Bob Foster, Bob le Cron, Harry Carver, as well as Rex Hartley, John de Forest, Dale Bourn, and so on. No wonder Mr. Beverley Baxter, when asked "Bride or Bridegroom?" at the door of the church, replied, "Handicap 12," and was duly shown to the aisle on the right. Lady Hindlip looked a trifle gloomy. Max Aitken seemed glad to have left Glasgow for a few hours.

He was wearing the red carnation of an usher, and, indeed, Miss Whigham had a very good "Press." Miss Sheila Berry was a bridesmaid. Two of her brothers, as well as Mr. Aitken, were ushers, and every well-known social columnist in London was among the guests. She herself looked a trifle harassed, we thought. But no wonder, with such a terrific crowd at the Oratory, outside it, and at the reception. It certainly outdid any other wedding for some years, if not for all time.

They tell us that, in order not to prolong unduly the Service, which was, in any case, certain to last an hour and a quarter, Miss Whigham rehearsed her responses from 7.30 a.m. onwards on the day of the wedding. The result was that her charming stammer had disappeared entirely. As a final note, we would add that Mr. and Mrs. Sweeny senior were, in our opinion, the handsomest couple we saw all day.

After the reception most of the bridesmaids, still in their white evening dresses and red rose garlands, dashed off to the various smart restaurants and clubs to have luncheon with their boy friends. Lady Bridget Poulett turned up at the Ritz. Miss Angela Brett parked her garland in the cloak-room at Quaglino's, and we

Frost and snow sent a certain number of peo Quaglino's was one of the places they went t Kingscote, Mrs. Keith Menzies, and Mr. Rud

Mr. Hugh Peacock and Miss Marjorie Brassey, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Edgar Brassey, of Dauntsey Park, Chippenham, after their wedding at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

always given new silver and copper straight from the Mint. It makes us wonder whether the Eve of the Derby dinner will take place as usual this year. But we hope it will.

It was an open secret that Mr. Maundy Gregory was largely responsible for its organisation, and the distinguished guests each year included Lord Rosebery, Mr. J. H. Thomas, General Seeley, and goodness knows who else. Incidentally, it would be as interesting to read the New York Press's are told that two or three others showed up late at the Embassy.

The imprisonment of Mr. Maundy Gregory has created a tremendous shock in Whitehall and also Conduit Street, where he was always entertaining at the Ambassadors Club—the place where you are

Three at a Meet

Out with the Cottesmore when they met at Tilton last week: the Hon. Mrs. Fred Cripps and her son, Milo, who will be four this year

Outside St. Peter's, Eaton Square, after the Peacock-Brassey wedding: the Marchioness of Lansdowne, Mlle. de Paravicini, and Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice

Londonwards last week, and Lady Alington, Captain Maurice de Trafford were there for supper

Miss Barbara Warwick, Mr. Peter Birkin, and Mrs. Blew Jones were at the Robin Hood Ball at Nottingham

addenda to this case as the stories they must be printing about the officer in the Tower.

It is too late after the event to give any account of the Duke of Marlborough's party held recently in his home in Carlton House Terrace. But it was certain from the start to be a success. Of the cocktail parties of the week, there was Lord Bective's and Mr. Dennis Bradley's. Mr. Bradley always collects the prettiest girls in London.

It was at Mr. Dennis Bradley's cocktail party that our spirits were revived by the sight of Miss Paddy Jenkins, the very pretty sister of Miss Wendy Barrie. She says she has no intention of going on the stage or the screen. Another very pretty girl was Miss Miki Hood, the only person we have met who has eyes to compare with those of the Gellibrand at her best.

William Gerhardi looked gloomy, as usual, and said that he disliked cocktail parties. Mr. Tatham said that he was going for three weeks to stay with the Fleet, and that Mr. Ralph Cobbold is to marry Miss Christie-Miller on April 6. Did you see his blue morning coat at the Whigham wedding ?

The death of Colonel O'Malley Keyes will be felt keenly at such widely different places as Biarritz and Galway. He once showed us his pedigree at the Carlton Club, which showed that he was descended directly in the male line from Æneas, whom we read about in Virgil at school. We have never seen such a family tree in all our born days. He died in Trinidad.

Miss Mary Ackroyd and Mrs. George Earle at the Cottesmore meet at Tilton ; quite a good day followed, until the snow became too thick

On the Riviera they have just had the Battle of Flowers at Nice. At Cannes they have had the annual spectacle of Sir Warden Chilcott's yacht, Dolphin, before her departure for Italy. Mr. Rudyard Kipling is at Monte Carlo, and so are General Sir John and Lady Du Cane and Sir Albert and Lady Stern. At Pau it has been snowing, and Lord and Lady Cork, who are so very seldom seen in England, have gone to Cannes.

One of our returned wanderers is Mr. Willie Vanderbilt. He has been in Egypt and flying about the desert with Captain Olley, the special Charter pilot of Imperial Airways, but seems glad to be back. Captain Olley is now flying Mr. A. K. Macomber round the big-game shooting areas of Africa. What a life he must lead ! He never knows whether he is going to be chartered to take a four-ball foursome over to Le Touquet for a big money match, or an anxious business man to Karachi. Another Vanderbilt in London is Mrs. John Cecil, the former Cornelia Vanderbilt. She wants to turn author, and has a leaning towards numerology. She tells us that our path of fortune is a four, that we are a one, and that Fate decides that we must always work for a living. No wonder we feel depressed to-day.

Mrs. Edgar Brassey, Miss Marjorie Brassey's mother, leaving the church with Mr. Hugh Brassey

Lady Mount and Lady Mowbray were two hopeful regulars who went to Newbury, and unexpectedly found sunshine and good going

Racing in Ireland

Miss Fredia Keane, niece of Senator Sir John Keane, Lady Waterford, and Miss Clodagh Anson, daughter of the Hon. Claud Anson, at the West Waterford Hunt Point-to-Point Races

Mrs. Richard Currier, Major Metcalfe, and Mrs. d'Erlanger, interested spectators at Sandown Park Steeplechases

A Racing Reverie:

A Famous Stable in France

By "Regular"

"Do horses go to Heaven, Nannie?" Far too many years have elapsed since I asked that question, and met with the reply: "Of course not, only people, and then not unless they 're very good."

After years of doubt, I am now finally convinced that my Nannie was wrong, for if the lives of human beings provide vivid contrasts, in that some people appear to have all the luck, then the lives of horses are even more sharply contrasted, and if man is to have a future existence in which things are going to level themselves out, then our four-footed friends are also entitled to one.

Horses, like Latin nouns, are divided into three genders—masculine, feminine, and neuter. When racing days are over, the first-named has a high old time—I cannot think of a better; the second-named becomes extremely Victorian, in that her life is devoted to having babies, in the course of which she meets many charming members of the opposite sex, so she is not altogether to be pitied. Her accouchements invariably take place in the most charming surroundings, and she receives every care and attention.

It is the third gender, though, to which my sympathy is extended, and which makes me convinced of the existence of a "heaven for horses." When he can no longer gallop as fast as he did, he rapidly descends the social scale, and is set to perform the most menial of tasks by callous task-masters all unmindful of his former glory, while his more fortunate fellows are basking in their harems at the stud in an orgy of self-indulgence.

These reflections were forced upon me by a visit to the Aga Khan's stud farms in Normandy, where I had the privilege of seeing the equine kings and queens living in all their glory, and my thoughts turned to their less fortunate brothers, deprived of the necessary facilities.

I concluded my article last week by saying that Michael Beary was to call for me at 8 a.m. He put it across me. At 3 a.m., when most decent people are thinking it 's time they left the Montmartre, and wondering if they 've any money left to go on to th Bœuf or the Breakfast Club, an enormous Hispano drew up at my door, and this incredible little Irishman said it was time we were off.

All through the night we drove, arriving at our first stopping-place, the Château of the Comte d'Hauteville, near Calvados, Normandy, at 7.30. The Count, a truly delightful man, has charge of the Aga's three studs in Normandy, and is one of the greatest authorities on horse-breeding in France; but his English is very little better than Michael's French, and I had a busy day interpreting.

If you spend two thousand pounds on a car and it takes you to Newmarket and back without breaking down, people don't talk immediately of your phenomenal luck: why, then, should the Aga Khan's successes on the Turf be attributed to luck?

As the greatest supporter of the horse-breeding industry in the world, the Aga is entitled to every bit of success which comes his way; yes, even to owning three out of the first four in the Leger.

The first stud to be visited was the one at Etrehan, an ideal spot for yearlings if ever I saw one. In marvellously fertile paddocks, situated in the lovely Normandy hills, these youngsters gallop up and down hill with delightful freedom.

It might at first appear alarming to see thousands of pounds' worth of young horseflesh careering down a hill. They are well able to take care of themselves, though, and there should be no fear of any of these being unable "to come down the hill" at Epsom.

Here I saw three of the loveliest yearlings I have ever seen. Mumtaz-Begum, a filly by Blenheim out of the fastest filly of all time—Mumtaz Mahal; Ben Sultan, a colt by Blenheim—Poor Relation: and Prodiké, a filly by Pharos — Falakeh. Mark my words, there 's a Classic winner among these.

There were lots and lots of others—Dark Japan, Buland Bala, Rustom Pasha, and Zionist all have children they may well be proud of and which may perpetuate the already illustrious names of their fathers; but it is to Blenheim that I expect the greatest success to come.

The Comte d'Hauteville very kindly showed me a list of Blenheim's wives for the present year, and it was a perusal of this which forced upon me the somewhat wistful sentiments with which I commenced this article. In a future existence it will only be fair if Blenheim pulls a cart; yes, and a very heavy cart too.

On leaving Etrehan we paid a visit to the mighty Pharos, the father of Cameronian, and one of the most magnificent specimens of the thoroughbred I have ever seen. To be married to Pharos the lady has to produce a dowry of 500 guineas. Like Blenheim, I think Pharos will be pulling something pretty heavy in the next world.

During the day we also paid visits to the Aga's two other Normandy studs, at St. Crespin and La Coquenne. At both we saw numbers of priceless animals, and at the former I had a talk with the great Mumtaz Mahal herself, now respectably married, and with her grey coat almost snow-white. And so a wonderful day ended. I have not been able to tell you the half of it, but I trust that I have said sufficient for you never again to attribute the Aga's success to luck.

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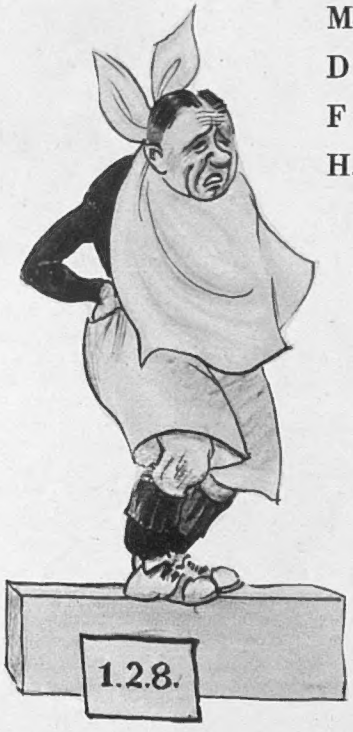
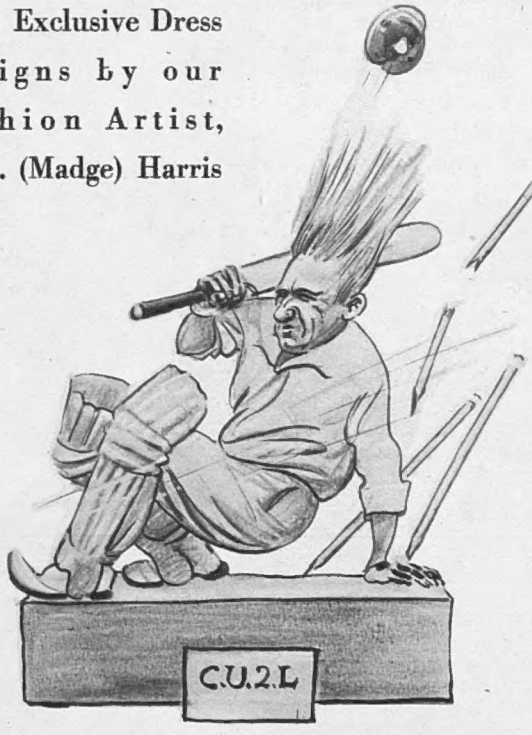


The James napkin stops all unnecessary dribbling. Suitable for every kind of banquet re-union or any other kind of union



The Bradman hair-fixative, suitable for any "coming-out ball." Not only preserves the roots of the hair, but the stumps, in addition

Buy the Moss 'Varsity Bags for a "bad fit of the Blues," as worn by Oxford, Cambridge, Borstal, and the Oxford Captain

Prince George and St. George's

The Hospital Bi-Centenary Ball

Left: H.R.H. Prince George dancing with Mrs. Simon Hartog at the Ball in aid of St. George's Hospital, which was held at Mrs. Hartog's house in Upper Grosvenor St.

Above: Lady Georgiana Curzon (right) led the guard of honour which received Prince George; with her is Miss Virginia Graham, another member of it

Left: Lady Dufferin and Ava talking to Major Humphrey Butler, Equerry to Prince George

Left: Lady Greville, who was one of the hostesses for the Ball, talking to Miss Winifred Paget and Miss Patricia Arbuthnot

Four more of the attractive people in Prince George's guard of honour, waiting in the hall of Mrs. Simon Hartog's lovely house: the Hon Nancy Pearson, the Hon. Mrs. John Murray, Miss Jean Gough-Calthorpe, and Miss Keith-Fraser

Above: Lady Mary Grey, Earl Grey's elder daughter, and Lord Herbert, the Earl of Pembroke's son, sitting out together between dances

On the left, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Acton watching the cabaret, which was arranged by Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston; Florence Desmond was one of the three performers

The rout of Scotland Yard at the hands of William (Alfred Clark), Shirley Holmes (Rosemary Ames), Dr. Watson (Nigel Playfair), and Sherlock Holmes (Felix Aylmer). The unfortunate officers are Detective Withers (Vincent Holmes), complete with black eye, and Detective Laker (Ernest Borrow)

At the Theatre

"Elementary, my dear Watson"

Sketches by Rouson

"The Holmeses of Baker Street," at the Lyric

To bee or not to bee . . . that is the question. Holmes, a widower in rustic retirement, has good reason (alias his daughter, Shirley) for telling Inspector Withers and the White Cross Gang to go to the devil. The old rooms in Baker Street smell invitingly of gun-powder—Shirley, confound her, has been target-shooting with her revolver—and Scotland Yard are importunate for assistance in the matter of the missing Medici pearl.

The code of the hive and the tricks of heredity dictate Shirley's future. A crack shot with either hand, this chip of the old block must be hustled from a career of crime and shepherded to the altar as a queen bee to its industrious husbands. As in the hive, so in matrimony. Queens must be queens and workers workers. There is no such thing as a neuter. Marriage is woman's sole existence, and a whole-time job. You cannot be a good wife and a lady detective.

Wherefore the apiarist, quelling the old sleuth within him, determines on a bee-line for the country. To hell with crime; there 's no place like Holmes sweet Holmes; those thirty years of retirement are eloquent with warnings. Marriage with the late Mrs. Holmes was a failure because of those acute powers of deduction which perceived the absence from home of Mrs. Watson by the dust on the Doctor's bowler hat. Marriage, being based on mutual deception, became impossible for a woman who never once succeeded in putting over the mildest bluff on a husband who guessed what she was up to before she was up to it.

This is an equally delectable idea for Conan Doyle fans and psychologists alike, and the brightest thought in Mr. Basil Mitchell's attempt to revive the ghosts of Baker Street. Thanks to a brilliantly sustained piece of characterisation by Felix Aylmer as Holmes, more than a faint whiff of the old atmosphere is captured.

Unfortunately, the affair of the pearl, which was sent to Holmes in a queen-bee case, burgled for fun by his daughter and Mrs. Watson, re-burgled by Holmes himself, bungled but not burgled by Scotland Yard, and nearly collared by the arch-crook (with wig) operating an innocent gang of Bright Young Stealers, including the Peer's son who kept a wireless shop and loved Shirley, cannot rank with the Adventures of yore.

In a weak market Sir Nigel's dashing caricature of the egregious Doctor is a welcome bright spot. It keeps the plot near boiling-point, but that bulging waistline and ubiquitous umbrella will, I fear, contort the hundred per cent. Watsonians into spasms of acute pain.

One Way to Catch a Husband

Shirley Holmes (Rosemary Ames) hooks a prisoner (Martin Walker) for life, to the undisguised disgust of the chief crook (Henry Hallatt)

The author's admirable notion that the best detectives make the worst husbands suggests that the right Holmes for resuscitation was not the widower droning over his bees, but the married sleuth still in harness.

Picture those after-breakfast tiffs over the foul pipe and the untidy habits; the womanly revolt against prolonged violin-playing, while the infant Shirley whimpered in her cradle over a first tooth. Imagine the henpecked Watson turning for sympathy to the chatelaine of Baker Street and dropping in, while the lord and master was trailing footprints on Dartmoor, to make discreet love over the teacups. And conceive the Doctor's discomfiture and Mrs. Holmes's despair when Sherlock exposed their elementary secret in a flood of cold reasoning, finger-tips pressed together, a contemptuous look in the far-away eyes. "I observe, my dear Watson, from the faint trace of powder on your left lapel . . ."

Leaving conjecture for achievement, it remains to commend the comic obtuseness of Vincent Holman's Inspector Withers, and the wonted air of casual unconcern with which Martin Walker adorns Shirley's embryonic crook and future king bee. That it does not appear to matter very much whether the young man goes to quod or marries Shirley must be attributed to that young lady herself. To infuse flesh and blood into this precocious sleuth demands a more pronounced array of charm, assurance and sympathy than Rosemary Ames seems to me at present capable of mustering. TRINCULO.

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

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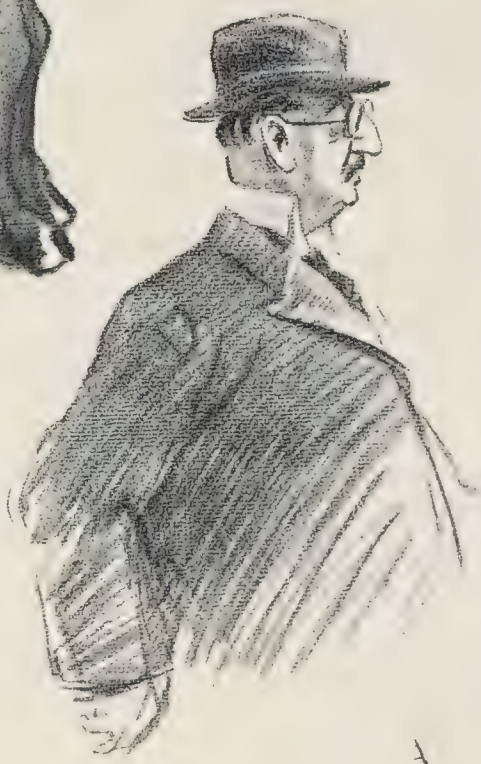
Mr. Monkhouse and Mr. Baron
Riding Baron Munchausen

THE gilt-edged market, if rumour speaks the truth, may have their colours carried on a racecourse soon. Mr. Wilfred Baron, of Francis and Praed, and his partner, Mr. Monkhouse, have lately become the owners of a racehorse which they have named, rather neatly, Baron Munchausen. And as appropriately, and perhaps in celebration of the great year in the gilt-edged market that 1932 was, the story goes that they have chosen as their racing colours white, gold buttons, gold sleeves, white cap, gilt-edged.

ONE of the best-known racing men in the House is Mr. Walter Raphael; he has been an owner for many years, and such good horses as Louvois, Louvoisier, Tagalie, and Allenby have carried his colours. Nowadays, he owns very few horses, and does not go racing as often as he did. His nephew, Mr. Aubrey Raphael, who is in the House too, is an enthusiastic "regular," and it is not improbable that he will be as knowledgeable an owner as his uncle if he decides to carry on the family tradition in that particular way.



Mr. Cecil Raphael
A late luncher

MR. WALTER RAPHAEL is not seen much in the House these days, but the four active partners of the firm of R. Raphael and Sons are still all Raphaels. They are an extremely popular family, and not least so is Mr. Walter Raphael's brother, Cecil, who may be seen, large and genial, having lunch at Lyons rather late on any afternoon. The Raphaels have been connected with the financial world for very many years, and the history of the firm is a long and interesting one. Until quite recently, they were able to act both as brokers and as jobbers—a curious privilege—and they are still bankers, with the right, no longer exercised, to coin their own money.

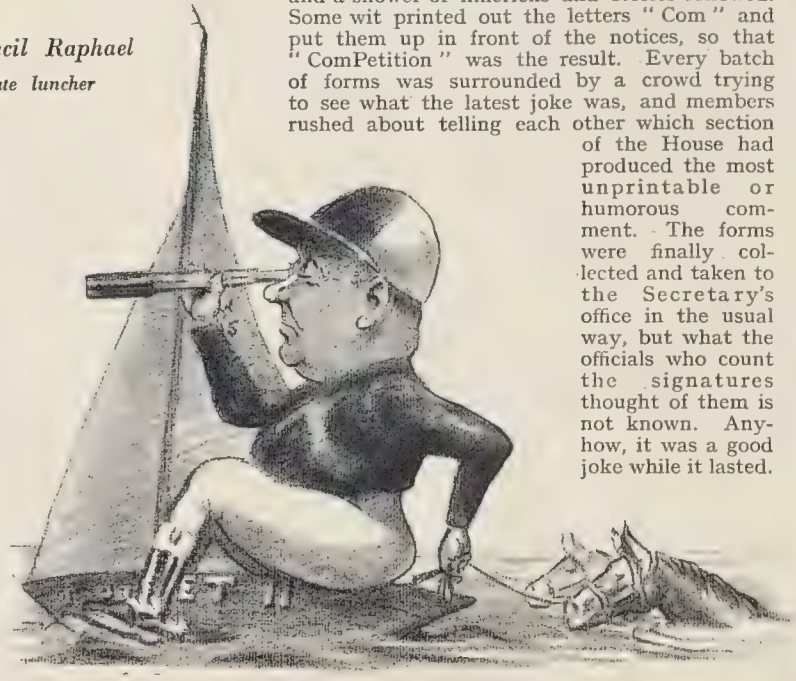
To go back for a moment to these racing men, Mr. H. T. ("Pills") Holloway, a jobber in the iron and steel market, is now a Stock Exchange owner; he bought two of the late Captain Sassoon's horses, Olor and Clear Note. But he was, and is, a yachtsman before he was, and is, an owner; his boat, Poppett II., is well known all up and down the East Coast, wherever yacht-racing takes place. Mr. Holloway is a member of the R.T.Y.C., and also of the Royal Burnham Yacht Club; in fact, he is a vice-commodore of the latter. He quite often goes over to the Continent in his boat during the summer week-ends; now he can combine a trip to Ostend in Poppett II. with an outing for his horses in one of the race meetings there.

MR. DAVID SHAW-KENNEDY must also be mentioned, as the owner of Nitsichin, with which he has done so well. And so must Mr. Somerset Maxwell, especially at the moment, as he is the owner of Egremont, the National horse. Mr. E. D. Paget always rides for him, so he evidently has an eye for a good jockey. He goes up to Leicestershire to hunt; in fact, his equestrian interests take most of the time he spares from the Stock Exchange. It has been rumoured that he may try for the other "House" before long, and he seems an eminently suitable man to become a young Conservative Member.

HAS anyone with a passion for statistics ever worked out a table showing the respective number of hours that the various financial exchanges of the world have been closed, say, since the beginning of this century? Or even since the war? It would make quite an interesting study, and a good illustration of the seriousness and extent of the crises and disturbances experienced in different parts of the world. But, of course, such an event as the recent closing of the Paris Bourse, on account of the strike there, would have to be included, so perhaps our statistics might be a little historically misleading at times.

GRIEVANCES in the Stock Exchange are aired in a typically proper and conservative way, by means of petitions to the Committee. When a sufficient number of would-be reformers or critics have got together, an official is approached, who arranges for petition forms to be printed and placed round the House. A large notice with the word "Petition" on it in red draws the attention of members to what is afoot, and they sign, or not, as they please.

NOT long ago, forms appeared praying the authorities that the House should be kept open half an hour longer on Saturday mornings. A few enthusiasts for business signed these in all seriousness, but the humour of the House was soon tickled, and names such as Beaverbrook, J. Lyons and Co., Dean Inge, James Maxton, Rosa Lewis, appeared magically on the forms, and a shower of limericks and stories followed. Some wit printed out the letters "Com" and put them up in front of the notices, so that "ComPetition" was the result. Every batch of forms was surrounded by a crowd trying to see what the latest joke was, and members rushed about telling each other which section of the House had produced the most unprintable or humorous comment. The forms were finally collected and taken to the Secretary's office in the usual way, but what the officials who count the signatures thought of them is not known. Anyhow, it was a good joke while it lasted.



Mr. H. T. Holloway
"Pills" off to Ostend

The Flat and the Palace

Carol Goodner Working and Playing

Sasha

The lovely blonde on the silken pillows is Carol Goodner, and so is the brunette on the right who is knocking up an omelette on the gas-ring. In "Dinner at Eight," at the Palace, Carol Goodner plays the spoilt wife to perfection, but when she's at home in her flat she's the complete housewife

Photos by Swaebe

Here are two more photographs of the attractive American actress who has made such a hit in her latest part. Like most Americans, she shakes a good cocktail; she also minds the housekeeper's baby when she's in her flat in Mortimer Street, and has a cat to keep her and her book company

D

Following on our recent pictures of Beautiful Blondes and Brunettes of the feminine variety, here, by request, is Pat Charles's second series of mere males

Hors d'Œuvres

By "Caviare"

FASCINATING faces depend on their expression. How wise some of our lovelies would be if they realised this, and thought more of their smiles than their face powder. Lady Moira Forbes is an entrancing person to watch; her expression alters every second, one could never get bored with her looks.

"DO husbands and wives grow alike?" a friend asked me. And there again we decided it was expression which counted. Prince Alphonse de Chimay and his wife have very much the same look when they are dancing, and so have Mr. and Mrs. James Hennessy.

IS a certain Lady upset at his attitude, or has she found consolation (if not security)?

HAS a "very rich girl" also acquired the heart of a very good-looking politician; and what about a little blonde girl?

HEAVILY marked eyebrows show character, I'm told. That is true, anyway, where Mlle. Marianne de Malkhazony is concerned, who is to be Duchess of Leeds. She has determination and charm. The Marchesa Malacrida has wide, and somewhat untidy, eyebrows.

HAS a rich, young, fair (headed) man really turned over a new leaf (into the social column, this time); and will she, really?

OLD songs revived—

"We're glad to see you're back, dear lady"—and glad to see the emerald brooch is there.

"Night of stars and night of gladness," but what a morning!—for a nice dark man we all know.

"Whose baby are you?"—that's what she would like to know, and pretty quickly, too!

I ALWAYS associate ostrich feathers with Mrs. Jack Coats; she seems to have yards of them in every colour. I would like to point out to the debs that they are rather ageing. The new twisted fur halters are most amusing. Mrs. James Rodney has one of silver fox, and Lady Brecknock a mink one.

HOW few women have the cleverness to look amused wherever they find themselves, and still fewer men. After all, being bored is so little way from being boring. Lord Tennyson appears to enjoy life, so does Lord Barnby. Lord Poulett sometimes seems distrait, and Sir Peter Grant Lawson very serious.

Right: Mrs. Philip Kindersley at the Café de Paris, talking to Mr. Robert Sweeny, who was best man to his brother when he married Miss Margaret Whigham last week

Below: a new portrait of the attractive daughter of Mrs. V. FitzGerald. She and her mother live at Melton Mowbray, and are regulars with the Belvoir

Swaebe

At the "Café"

Bertram Park

Miss Irene Mann Thompson

Two of the guests at Mrs. Warren Pearl's fork luncheon for the St. George's Hospital Bi-Centenary Ball Committee, and helpers were Mlle. de Oliveira and Mrs. Alan Acton

THANK goodness, with all this starvation business so fashionable, we still have a classically lovely figure in Vanda Vivian, who is quite lovely to look at from every angle—which is more than you can say of most people these bony days. Miss Molly Vaughan is much too thin; one wants to ask: "Where's the famine?"

WHO will pay the jeweller's bill eventually? That is the question; and why trouble trouble by all this perversity?

THE hasty temper of a good-looking young man has caused enough "upsets" to last her some time, I should think—but she won't.

THE best manners in Mayfair—Mr. David Rhys.
The best "mixer"—Mr. "Eddie" Tatham.
The best party-giver—Mrs. Redmond MacGrath.
The best temper—Lord Brecknock.
The best dresser—Mr. Richard Norton.

A RADIANT couple—Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Farquhar—she in pink, he out of it for once.

An eloquent couple—Barbara and Ronald Cartland (sorry, Mrs. McCorquodale), talking as usual.

An inseparable couple—Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley—the long and the short of it!

IN public—

Lady Manton, somewhat pensive—for the moment.

Lady Brownlow, fragilely wistful—"toujours."

The Grand Duke Dmitri, alert and interesting—of course.

Lady Jowitt, talking intelligently—and amusingly.

Lady Moira Combe, silently beautiful—!

DARE we suspect a romance between a well-known politician and a not-so-very-young lovely?

VOICES are so characteristic. Lily Elsie has a charming, low-pitched, slightly caressing voice which is very lovely, like herself. Her friend and contemporary, Zena Dare, has a drawl with an eager trill in it, a voice you have to listen to and can't forget. Gertrude Lawrence has a pretence-voice—I think she invented it. It is fascinating, magnetic, and, oh, so unlike that of anyone else.

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By

"Big Ben"

THE Government should engage the services of a first-class publicity agent-cum-stage-manager. Their sense of showmanship is deplorable. If they can make the worst of a good case, the present Ministerial Front Bench can be relied on to do so.

IT would not do them any harm if some of the Cabinet were to be put through a course of dramatic art. Take Mr. Neville Chamberlain the other day, in the Unemployment Vote of Censure debate. He came into the House, obviously prepared for a funeral; he looked and apparently had studiously dressed the part, and in the shortest possible space of time he buried the hopes and enthusiasm of the Government supporters, leaving them, into the bargain, with very little belief in a resurrection.

SIR HILTON YOUNG has been disappointing. He has developed the habit of talking as though he is uncomfortably conscious that every word he says is being taken down and may be used in evidence against him. Sir John Simon, Foreign Secretary, is, of course, Sir John Simon, King's Counsel. One never knows quite what to expect from the Prime Minister. Occasionally he speaks like a great statesman. Occasionally he reminds me of the Hampton Court maze.

MR. MACDONALD, though, does understand the value of limelight. I suggest he should give a few "tips" to his colleagues. Or, if he prefers it, take Mr. J. H. Thomas away from the Dominions Office, where his splendid vitality seems to have landed him in a bog, and make him responsible for turning the Cabinet and their deeds out into the world in the best possible dress.

THE Commons were fobbed off last week with a miscellany of work that couldn't have the slightest effect on the Government one way or another. Captain Margesson's programme may be admirable so far as the Cabinet are concerned, but he may be laying up trouble in store for himself later.

To date the Government Chief Whip has done very well. He is to be congratulated, moreover, on his becoming, during this Parliament, almost human. But he has not, as yet, had any great difficulties to contend with. Should Mr. Churchill get to work——

APROPOS of the Churchill-B.B.C. controversy, a junior member of the Government pointed out to me this week that Mr. Churchill may be banned by the B.B.C. from expressing his views on certain subjects, but he seems to have half the Sunday Press at his disposal, an advantage which members of the Government have forsworn.

WHERE *are* the bright young men of to-day? They are not in the House. It is worth a visit, one afternoon or evening, merely to convince yourselves of the fact. It is possible, of course, that the best and bravest have already been chosen as Parliamentary Private Secretaries, and are therefore condemned to silence. (I know one P.P.S. who should be seen and not heard; but that's rather a different matter.)

THE only young M.P.s who are at all active are Mr. Brendan Bracken of one generation, and Mr. Hugh Molson of another. Mr. Hubert Duggan, from whom great things were expected, has faded away. I don't think his heart is in it, but I hope I am wrong.

MR. MOLSON is interesting in that he is as active in his constituency as he is at Westminster. He sits for Doncaster—not a Tory seat, but he is making as sure as he can of holding it at the next election. He is also trying to save Carlton House Terrace; and, by the way, India.

IT was suggested last week that if a certain lady M.P. were to be sent to America as payment of the War Debt, we should then have a credit balance with the United States. But this has now been vetoed on the ground that we should also undoubtedly have war.

I DO not know whether the new Army clothing is the result of Lord Hailsham's cogitations, but he certainly seems to have immersed himself in the War Office. I trust the action is not in any degree passive. But I hear on all sides his eclipse in public life discussed, and comment passed on his House of Lords leadership.

THOSE who ought to know say he regrets his peerage, the Lord Chancellorship, and his forced retirement from the Bar. He regrets his side-track from the chance of being Premier. Mr. Baldwin builded for Mr. MacDonald, in the years gone by, better than he knew.

Politicians at Play at Woodcote Park

Sir Nairne Stewart-Sandeman in play against the Royal Automobile Club

Sir Assheton Pownall, another member of the House of Commons team

The Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland driving. His side was defeated by 8½ to 3½

Sir Thomas Inskip looking cheery despite the fact that his side lost every foursome match

Do Our Eyes Deceive Us Or—

Yevonde

Is Lady Sibell Lygon—

Yevonde

—uncommonly like Mrs. John Mason?

Lenare

And could the Hon. Mrs. Bruce Ogilvy—

Dorothy Wilding

—be mistaken for Lady Plunket?

THE camera played a pretty trick when it discovered these almost-doubles, and pretty in more senses than one, for to find a more attractive quartette would need a long search. Miss Diana Coventry, whose wedding to Mr. John Mason took place yesterday, and who is the younger daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Charles Coventry, and Lady Sibell Lygon, both come from Worcestershire. The Hon. Mrs. Bruce Ogilvy was Miss Primrose O'Brien before she married the Earl of Airlie's brother in 1931, while Lord Plunket's lovely wife is as popular in Ireland, when she and her husband are over at their home in County Wicklow, as she is in London.

The Passing Picture Show

The End of the War to End War: Armistice Day in "Cavalcade"

It looks as if even more people want to see Noel Coward's "Cavalcade" on the screen at the Tivoli than saw it on the stage at Drury Lane. Diana Wynyard (below) takes Mary Clare's part in the film, and makes a brilliant success of it

"Cavalcade," by a Certain Mr. Coward

By Sydney Tremayne

ENTHUSIASTS applauding the *almost* perfect transposition from stage to screen of *Cavalcade* seem, strangely, to have lost sight of one rather important fact. The author of this brilliant assemblage of the most poignant circumstances and harrowing moments in the lives of the English bourgeoisie, exemplified by the Marryots and the Bridges, happens to be a certain Mr. Coward.

There have been bouquets for America (after all, the mountains did, proverbially, bring forth a mouse) because the theme, England's greatness and England's sorrows, has not been vulgarised by its transatlantic travel, and the Americans have shown themselves capable of saying "Hats off—the King!" with almost as much enthusiasm as did the gentleman who "had a bet with a bald, dirty bookie" and could not find him anywhere!—Bouquets for the Fox Film Company, who collected and imported an army of English players and executives; bouquets for Mr. Frank Lloyd, the director; posies for the London omnibuses and taxi-cabs and the lions of Trafalgar Square; but not even a buttonhole for the man who conceived the saga, wrote the play, and was responsible for the details of its production on the English stage. Perhaps he does not mind, because, with the enormous sums of money paid him by America for this and other opera, he can buy himself all the flowers he wants; but it seems a little ungrateful to ignore the actual creator of what has been described as the greatest film ever made.

AUTHORS often prefer to hide behind the screen and are grateful for small type when their novels and plays have been mutilated almost beyond recognition, but in this case the greatest credit is due to Mr. Lloyd, because he has so closely preserved, not only the spirit and the characterisation, but every scenic detail of Coward's play, and has adhered with the faithfulness of a disciple to the "stage directions."

I KNOW that Noel Coward meticulously rehearsed the company that played in Mr. Cochran's stage presentation of *Cavalcade*, which was a classic from the night of its birth instead of having to wait for the death of its creator. Every member, even in the crowd scenes, was a considered unit of his composition. The conception was definitely filmic, so that panoramic effects—notably the interminable marching of the armies into war while soubrettes shrilled inexpensive recruiting ditties, and the summary of post-war conditions—night clubs, peace and political propagandists, and the "education" of war-wrecked men—are, naturally, more successful on the screen than on the stage, which was hard put to it to produce effects outside its scope. But it must be remembered that these have not been invented by the makers of the film: they were Noel Coward's original conceptions. Therefore, "give the little man a big hand!"

MR. LLOYD goes wrong only when he tries to embroider the real stuff which Coward wove. The vile, pseudo "Old-English" type of the opening titles, the interpolation of a sort of shadowgraph "cavalcade" of knights on horseback throughout the ages (more appropriate to an interpretation of Kingsley than of Coward!) are shocking, out of tune, and out of type. The film loses, too, by the elimination of the exquisite "flat" of Hyde Park Church Parade in mourning for the Queen. But when, as they do practically throughout, director and scenarist faithfully repeat the Coward phrase and reproduce even the "properties," the film is faultless.

LET it be said that the casting is even more successful than it was in the stage presentation. Diana Wynyard surpasses Mary Clare's performance as the central figure. She perfectly presents, both physically and histrionically, the dignity, restraint, beauty, and philosophic courage of Jane Marryot. Clive Brook, as her husband, is more acceptable and more important than the original player. He is, to the life, the courteous rather dull man who always does the right thing in the traditional way—if not the backbone, certainly one of the vertebræ of Empire.

HERBERT MUNDIN, who generally subdues character to somewhat ill-conceived humour, is quite excellent as Bridges, especially in the drunken scenes. Una O'Connor repeats her excellent progressive character-study of Ellen, the parlour-maid. Ursula Jeans is extremely probable as the dancing girl of humble origin who keeps her sense of proportion even during the war idyll with young Marryot. Frank Lawton makes Joe Marryot a much more important and sympathetic person than he was in the play, and I feel that credit for the development of these two young things is due to Captain Berkeley, who made the scenario.

Irene Browne was quite perfect in the play and is almost perfect in the film.

I DID not recognise the accent of John Warburton as the older Marryot boy, un-English in the very English cast: he seemed awkward, and the only player mis-cast. Margaret Lindsay, as the grown-up Edith, was uninteresting and, between them, they "botched" the charming, Coward-esque dialogue of the honeymooners before the Titanic disaster.

But once more America has imported a European work of art—and framed it perfectly.

Miss Cockayne turns her back to an icy sleet shower, and not the only one of the afternoon, either; she is with Mr. Reed

Major Coombe, one of the people who got slightly warmer by riding over the twenty-three fences of the three-and-a-half-mile course, and Mrs. Phipps-Hornby

Lord and Lady Grenfell facing up to the biting wind at Stowell Farm, near Chipping Norton, where the meeting was held

An Arctic Grind

The New College and Magdalen Point-to-Point

Left: the Hon. Eileen Brougham was one of the few women who didn't wear Newmarket boots; with her is Mr. du Pre

Two more at Stowell Farm who braved the north-easter in the name of sport were Lady Diana Wellesley and Miss Sheila Foster

Above: Miss Jocelyn Wingfield was photographed talking to Miss Angela Cayzer between races

Right: Miss Mary Christian, Miss Houstoun-Boswall, and Miss Wagstaff have a good idea of what very cold fun point-to-points in February can be

By Wain

"Aw, put the lights out. They want to be alone"

If Gossip We Must . . .

How to Popularise the B.I.F.—Constance Bennett on a Cargo Boat—Black and White Ties—Theatre Prices and Expenses—A London Sunday

By some fortunate chance the British Industries Fair and the film version of *Cavalcade* opened in London on the same day.

The connection is not really obscure. The B.I.F. and Noel Coward are both out to sell British goods and to impress the foreigner with their worth. Noel deals in sentiment, but that does not prevent him from being a 'cuter business man than any nonentity who ever addressed a Rotary Club.

At Olympia, where the Fair was duly and royally launched, one could inspect British products of doubtful dramatic value but of undoubted usefulness, from patent saucepans to golf jackets, one of which the Duchess of York bought for the Duke.

I saw French and Germans and Italians making tours of the stalls and, one hopes, placing orders. I do not suppose they had come to England's ugliest building on an Arctic week-end merely for the fun of the thing.

Yet quite a lot of fun can be derived from these periodical industrial jamborees, and profit, too.

Unfortunately, there is something about the word "industries" which sends many people bounding away in the opposite direction with the celerity of a scalded cat. A clever hostess can persuade her little flock of notables to be literary, to help at hospital balls, to take part in treasure-hunts, and even to listen to symphony concerts on a Sunday afternoon. But not to be "industrial."

The importance of such folk is apt to be under-rated. They are rarely without money. Some are born in the public eye. Some achieve publicity. Others have publicity thrust upon them. The result is they can often make a function "go" when others of more solid value cannot.

The B.I.F., which is an annual affair, has its points as an entertainment. Since there is now a reaction in favour of John Bull, the Union Jack, and "Rule, Britannia"—if only for business purposes—Olympia may yet become the vogue, even in a cold February.

Meanwhile, pleasure cruises continue to be popular, B.I.F. or no B.I.F. With all the good intention in the world, I think that at this time of the year I would prefer the West Indies to West Kensington.

In the old days the Royal Navy, or large and impressive portions of it, used to sail expensively about the globe with the object of "showing the flag." This is now done by the Mercantile Marine, and at a profit, too.

Since only a few thousands of people are regular patrons of the most exclusive restaurants and the stalls of theatres, those institutions are apt to suffer when a few large liners set out for distant shores, packed to the last, and worst, inside cabin.

Provided they are British liners, however, it is obvious that the swings gain what the roundabouts lose.

On The Mat

It was once said that Indian clubs are good for the liver, while London clubs are not. Indian clubs have nowadays given place to exercising machines, and here is Mary Mason, of R.K.O.-Radio, doing her daily dozen in the interests of health and figure

Sasha

A scene from "Mother of Pearl," at the Gaiety, showing Pearl (Sepha Treble) unaware that she is meeting her mother (Delysia), an actress, between the intervals of a show, while her dresser (Betty Shale) wastes no time in putting her mistress into the frock used in the forthcoming act

Below: suggestions for the Fancy-Dress Ball on the S.S. Lapland during The "Bystander" fortnight's cruise to Madeira, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, and the Azores which starts on June 17th. Full particulars can be obtained from the Red Star Line, at 38, Leadenhall Street, or any travel agency

The Girls of Yester-Year
Hélène Hedin (English version) and Esther Kiss (French version) as girls of the period visiting a restaurant, where no nice young thing should go alone, in "The Girl from Maxim's," by London Film Productions

Would You Look Like This?

How these film stars upset preconceived notions! Here we have the most glamorous of them all travelling to Europe not in a luxury liner's most luxurious suite but in a cargo-boat.

Miss Constance Bennett no doubt realises that there are cargo-boats *and* cargo-boats; and I do not imagine that that which is at the moment transporting Her Loveliness (and her husband, the Marquis de la Couderaye de la Falaise—otherwise "Hank") from the Pacific coast is devoid of comfort. But not for her the Pompeian swimming-bath, the Florentine lounge, and the stupendous wine list—which is not always the only sort of list to worry about—of the 40,000-tonner. As a matter of fact, Connie Bennett seemed to me, when I met her, an unaffected little person with a passion for prune-juice, making baby clothes, and being very, very rich.

And if she is dissatisfied with her cargo-boat, she can get off at any port. For that matter, Connie should have no difficulty in getting off anywhere.

WHO'S WHOOEY

No. 2.—Mr. Warwick Armstrong

ERE Father Time his wicket claimed,
This gentleman was justly famed
For prowess in the cricket field;
In fact, he was a player who
Had often helped the Kangaroo
To make the Lion sadly yield
Those Ashes which are still imbued
With fire enough to start a heated feud.

Yes, he is surely one whose name
Will figure on the Roll of Fame
Since none but he has ever read
A paper whilst he fielded in
An Oval Test Match. What a sin
To think that those brave days are dead
In which a man from Southern climes
Was not ashamed to be behind the Times!

But though his bat is stored away,
He plays his part in Tests to-day
With note- in place of cricket-pad;
And we who gratefully peruse
His cables to the "Evening News"
Must own old England never had
A player we could truly call
A match for Armstrong with the cricket ball.

In fact, so strongly does he write,
That Wisden, as a tribute, might
Rename him in the "Almanack"
So that in future he will be
No "Armstrong" but a "Headstrong" he,
And—lest a Christian name he'd lack—
We'll keep in mind his harsh remarks
And so transport our Warwick into Berks!

B. W.

A MAN is often perplexed, unless he is a practised arbiter elegantiarum, as to whether to wear a black tie or a white one. Not so a woman.

Anny Ahlers solved the difficulty at Quaglino's, where she was with a party that included Mimi Crawford and, to add an ecclesiastical touch, Archibald Nicholson, who makes stained-glass windows for cathedrals. She wore both.

But her white tie and her black tie were worn where a man wears the stud of his shirt-front. So the mere male has, alas! no chance of adopting what might be quite a useful fashion.

The nearest approach at a compromise I know is our one and only Willy Clarkson's habit of wearing o' nights a black bow tie with a white rim round the edge. Strange, but true.

THEATRE tickets are coming down in price with a rush. I suppose they needs must. With cinema competition, and every other person you meet complaining that dinner for two and a theatre to follow "knocks a nasty hole in a fiver," an effort had to be made to meet the public demand.

At the same time, I feel rather sorry for the theatre manager. Since 1914 all his expenses have immensely increased—rent, salaries, stage-hands' wages, cost of canvas, etc., for scenery and goodness, knows what else. But the prices of his seats have remained the same, with very few exceptions.

No service is done to him by people declaring, as someone who happens to have burned his fingers at it rather badly recently did, "that the theatre business is absolutely finished." That is utter nonsense. The theatre will always live.

More Dangerous than Leg Theory

Gussie Pogson (Robertson Hare) and Dandy Stratton (Ralph Lynn), Test Match cricketers, held up by Peters (William Collins), chief bushranger. A scene from "A Bit of a Test," Ben Travers's new farce at the Aldwych Theatre

If A falls by the wayside, that is no indication that B and C will.

I AM glad to hear from Colonel Blois, of the Covent Garden Opera Syndicate, that prospects for the opera season this summer are already more than promising.

Sir Thomas Beecham is again to be the chief conductor, and the burying of hatchets is almost as brisk as the booking.

The programme is not this year to be devoted solely to Wagner; Verdi and Puccini will be represented. And all the finest operatic stars of the world have been engaged.

If this is to be Covent Garden's last season, the old place is showing its determination to make a glorious exit.

But I have a feeling that the picks of the house-breaker will not be heard in that part of Bow Street for a long time to come.

I LATELY read an article in which it was pointed out that London on a Sunday is really not such a dull place after all, and that if you only know where to go, amusement can be found. One can, for instance, should one's taste lie that way, have some rollicking fun in a visit to the Science Museum at South Kensington (open on Sunday, 2.30 to 6), where, attached to the Museum, is the National Library devoted to pure and applied science.

Here one can browse at leisure over no less than two hundred and twenty-five thousand patent specifications or gaze with wonder at the subject-matter index to articles in periodicals which consists of no less than one million nine hundred thousand cards, as you will discover should you care to count them.

And before six o'clock closing-time, the cinemas are open. So that's all right!

BUT if you find yourself in this S. W. district of London on a Sunday at 11.45 p.m., and wish to go eastward, you will find that there are no trains running on the Underground. These systems are evidently under the impression that no Londoner should be so misguided as to wish to travel *towards* Charing Cross at such an ungodly hour as that on a Sunday!

"I'm so excited, my dear. I've just got a telephone. Have you got one too?"

Sleuth Hounds at the Haymarket. Det.-Ins. Pember (George Merritt) and his polished assistant, Det.-Serg. Brace (T. G. Saville), find the cut bell-wire, which discounts the suicide theory in "Ten Minute Alibi"

PERSONALITIES IN "PLASTICINE"

No. 16: Lord Horder

Modelled and Designed by Zec

BARON · HORDER · OF · ASHFORD

"Shadow Owes its Birth to Light"

The Albertina Rasch Girls as they appear in one of their many fascinating dances in "Wild Violets," the musical comedy at Drury Lane

One of the most be

Choreography

Stage Dancers Depicte

Although colour-photography its own, yet, to some eyes, the thanks to the artistry with w the modern expert, who grouping especially an abunda

Right : another study of the Albertina Rasch Girls in a startling dance, which shows how modern lighting can add to effective presentation

"And the Cold Marble Leapt to Life"

t beautiful stage photographs ever taken, which will recall to readers the effective grouping and setting of the opening chorus in "Words and Music"

y and the Camera

cted in Light and Shadow

phy may possess an attraction of he single tone has a greater appeal, h which the camera is handled by o finds in stage lighting and ndance of material for original effects

"Poised Like Birds Who Check Their Flight"

The Albertina Rasch Girls caught in a less classical mood

Janet Jevons

IMPERSONATION

Florence Desmond is one of the cleverest impersonators there are about at present, and her "Hollywood tea-party" series is brilliant, done as it is without make-up or properties of any kind. However, she has borrowed a top-hat and a cigarette for this photograph, and is she taking off Marlene Dietrich, or isn't she? The inset of Marlene makes the answer look like "Yes." Florence Desmond is doing film work up at Elstree at present

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Service Matches

The Royal Navy beat the Royal Air Force by fourteen points to three at Twickenham, and the picture shows Midshipman J. P. Kirkby (R.N.E. College, Devonport), tackled low when over the touch line, an incident which did not escape the notice of the touch judge on the left

AM I looking forward to next Saturday's clash between the Army and the Navy at Twickenham? Well, I suppose so, but the Navy will have to play much better than they did against the Air Force if they hope to make a game of it.

Usually, I must say, I enjoy these Services matches—they 're good, plug-away affairs, with no nonsense about them, and plenty of hard scrummaging and hearty tackling. They make me wonder about the true nature of Rugby football; whether, for instance, we should think of it as a strategical affair, or as a kind of frontal attack, battering-ram business entirely. The battering-ram conception is, perhaps, a little mediæval, and suggests players stationed on the cross-bar with jars of boiling oil, but at the moment it rather pleases me. No frills, in fact, but just honest-to-goodness Rugby football, the sort of football played by the Air Force the other day at Twickenham.

OF course, I realise that the Air Force were working to plan: they intended to swamp the Navy by forward rushes and fast following, and they mighty nearly succeeded. But this was a very simple plan. It didn't involve highly complicated evolutions requiring much preparation; it was straightforward and cast-iron.

I'M arguing in this way more to clear my own mind than to dogmatise, for I 'm a variable creature, and watching a lot of Rugby football sends my opinions veering this way and that most disconcertingly. At one moment it seems to me that what we need is a lot more intelligence; the next, and I 'm clamouring for less elaboration of what, after all, is a simple game.

AND just now I 'm convinced that we think too much as spectators, and that we are in danger of losing the player's point of view. That Air Force match was as dull as ditchwater to watch; but it must have been grand for those who took part in it. And so I 'm dead against all finicky, fanciful, complicated tactics, and I hope that on Saturday we shall see mainly the rigour of the game and a fine day for it to be played in.

MIND you, the Army have Novis, and Novis, at the moment, is away up at the top of the class. Ever since the Irish match we scribes have gone about exulting, poking people in the ribs and saying, "I told you so." In these very columns I have many times sung the praise of Novis, and advocated his return to the England side—or haven't I? I don't know; but if I haven't, the fault is mine. Anyway, the Navy will need to torpedo him swiftly and often, or he'll be knocking holes in their defence with that quick stride of his, that hand-off, that devastating swerve. Novis plays a lot of football throughout the season, and I hope to goodness he'll last through it without getting stale.

A GOOD player is Novis. But as I write, I hear the rumour that E. W. F. de V. Hunt will never play again. He has torn an Achilles tendon, they say, and heavy will be our loss if we have seen the last of him flashing through the centre, the super opportunist. Hunt always seemed to enjoy his football, and this capacity for enjoyment is a rare and admirable quality. There are other players who apparently regard the game as an afternoon's exercise in Pentonville, and they give me the creeps.

Just Too Late!

A London Scottish player breaking through the Bristol defence in a match between these two clubs at Richmond, won by the Scottish by thirteen points to six

Then the Army, among their lusty forwards, have the irrepressible Sadler, one of the best back-row men of the day. Sadler knows his stuff, and I 'm willing to bet that he will be up to score at least one try. And while we 're talking of Services forwards, I was pained to observe an illustrious Navy player palpably handing the ball back in the scrum in the Air Force match. Referee Holmes promptly gave a kick against him, and I'm only sorry that the Air Force did not land a goal.

THIS particular player must have known better, and handing-back is one of those mean and petty infringements of the spirit of the game which make me furious. Forwards have one remedy when they catch an opponent at it: they can, with any luck, kick his hand to pieces, but the crime ranks with various kinds of obstruction as an unforgivable sin. One thing is quite clear—we hardly expect to see it in Services football.

BUT there—I don't suppose it will occur again, and we can take it for granted that Saturday's match will live up to the best traditions. As to the result, there is no doubt that the Army are favourites, particularly if they can check the dangerous Elliot. It was interesting to watch Elliot gradually summing up the position against the Air Force—kicking, trying the blind side, and eventually running on his own to turn the tide and win the game. I doubt whether he will be given quite so much rope by the Army back-row forwards, but you never can tell, and in Services football all things are possible.

The Kent County Ladies' Foursomes at Barnehurst

Miss I. Prechel and Miss M. Sandell waiting at the 15th tee

Miss I. Drysdale and Mrs. V. A. Patterson are seen here going to the 15th

Mrs. Rhys (left) and Miss Dodo Butler on their way to the 10th

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Golfing Gadgets; and the Kent County Foursomes

Dear Bystander—

You must forgive me if I'm a little incoherent. I have just got back from a fleeting visit to the British Industries Fair, where I went in search of all the latest golfing gadgets, and I shall be incoherent because there was so much to see that one could only begin to see and hardly attempt to take in. I was beginning to feel rather as if I should never get away from engaging woolly dogs and bewilderingly life-like motor-cars, model farms, and toy soldiers, when I saw a particularly thick crowd round a man with a putter. It was a real man, with a real putter, trying earnestly to hit a small disc at the end of a metal arm which revolved over a dial face of numbers. The numbers showed you whether you had hit the disc at the right dropping pace or not, and you could, since it was numbered, play thrilling matches, or even medal rounds, with an opponent. You might also, if hopeless at the skilful part of the affair, play it as a sheer spinning game of chance—which would, no doubt, be even more exciting.

Evading the wiles of more engaging woolly dogs, I passed a particularly nice species of hold-all bag for taking shoes and what-not on a day's golf, and a home golf trainer guaranteed for use with impunity in a drawing-room full of the choicest china. My next golfing encounter was with the collapsible legs of one of those devices by which the caddyless does not have to drop her clubs in the mud.

I was thinking over caddies and economy, and recalling how splendid the Kent women were at Barnehurst the other day (including Miss Wanda Morgan), about carrying their own clubs, when my eye fell on an athletic young man suspended in a whirling iron frame. I had a horrible thought, for a moment, that this was the latest device for perfecting golf. Had I not heard at Barnehurst of Miss Doxford's gymnastic class for golfers, with the object of improving their balance and rhythm? Then I discovered that this was nothing to do with golf.

Still feeling rather bewildered, I moved on to more self-supporting caddy bags, and unloseable bags for clubheads, passed the latest thing in steel shafts and grips, and staggered down and out into the air.

Talking of Miss Doxford and Kent, I have spent a couple of days watching the qualifying round of their County Foursomes, and the two first rounds of the match play, and by the time this is in print, somebody will have won them. These foursomes have not got a very good reputation for weather. I seem to have horrible chilly recollections of balls and shoes which collected gobbets of snow; of snow and hail and rain descending on the players; or, at best, the most awful slush and mush underfoot, which made scoring something of a nightmare. In any case, it seems asking rather much of a golfer to begin the season with a foursomes qualifying medal round, but the number of people who play in this competition certainly shows that they are ready to take the risk. That is by the way. I was talking about the weather. This year it was very nearly ideal for the first two days. One has to say "very nearly," for there was a most biting north-easterly wind, which turned a slow couple into an instrument of torture for the players behind. But the sun shone brightly enough, and it gave quite an illusion of spring to see tassels on the elm-trees, green buds on the lilacs, and a couple of inches of bluebell leaves above ground.

More important than all those things was the condition of the course, and that was simply perfect. I have an idea that when I was very young, Barnehurst was wet. That is certainly not the case now. I never saw an inland course in better condition at this time of year, and the greens were fast and true. It was no fault of the course if scores were high, nor of the greens if people took too many putts. It was just the putts which kept Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Olive Read from qualifying first, well into the seventies. As it was, they were fourth, with 83—1=82, because of some rather wasteful moments after excellent approaching. Still, they were back-markers, so that fourth place was by no means to be despised.

I couldn't help looking very critically at Miss Morgan's putting, after what "Steel Shaft" said about it in these pages, and I am afraid I agree with that critical lady. With her hands right up at the top of the grip, Miss Morgan's putting does not give one the grand feeling of confidence that the rest of her game does. Not that she was the only culprit over the putts, or that they were really short, except once, and, of course, this is early in the season, so that, though the par is 75, perhaps theirs was not too bad a total. Seventy-nine qualified first from Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. A. Smith, and the 91's cheerfully brought up the rear. They have rather a good plan at these foursomes: two-thirds of the total entry qualify, so in this case, twenty-eight couples lived to fight another day. When it came to that other day, Miss Morgan and Miss Read survived it; so did Miss Doxford and Mrs. Major, who were the first winners of the event. Mrs. Marsham Townshend and Miss Robinson, always a faithful and redoubtable pair in Autumn Foursomes, struggled nobly in the morning against Miss Morgan's side, and were even one up on it at the 7th. The ex-close champion was bravely held again after lunch by Miss Joan Reid and Miss Davy, from Foxgrove. Kent think well of the possibilities of this Miss Reid, since two years of golf have brought her handicap from 19 to 6, and she certainly played some very good shots indeed before her side was beaten on the 17th green.

You shall hear the finish of these foursomes next week.

Yours ever, Eleanor E. Helme.

"The Bystander"
Ladies' NORTHERN Foursomes
See page 408 for Conditions, Hotel Notices, and Entry Form.
SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES
Entry Form and Conditions on page ii.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" By Madge Garland

THE TULLE CAPE

A WHITE tulle gown with a tucked skirt has a charming little jabot which fills in the low décolletage. The pleated tulle cape is separate. From Russell and Allen. Photograph by Cannons of Hollywood

ON the right is the Pelham, an excellent waterproof, which is a Milwata model. It is carried out in wool cashmere in a good shade of grey, but can also be obtained in twenty different colours. It is trimmed with chromium buttons and has a short shoulder cape

BELOW, on the right, is another Milwata model, the Erin, made of white poplin trimmed with pipings of jade green and with a waterproof scarf of the same colour. It has a fitted shoulder cape, a Milwata "point-to-point" pleat at the back, and the buttons are of chromium with jade lines

ABOVE is shown one of the new coats and skirts from Fortnum and Mason. This one is carried out in a bright yellow woollen material and has wide shoulders, fitted hips and large cuffs which form the only elaboration of a correctly simple costume

ON the right is just what we all want for country week-ends—a loose and comfortable coat of soft check tweed. This, in brown and white or black and white, complete with large revers and raglan sleeves, comes from Smee, of South Moulton Street, who also makes a well-cut skirt to accompany it

BELOW on the left is a smart coat and skirt of brown and white check tweed from Russell and Allen. This has a waistcoat of white piqué

THE coat below comes from Russell and Allen and is carried out in beige wool embroidered with lines of the same colour and trimmed with brown fox

FROM Smee comes a well-cut coat and skirt, the latter checked and slightly flared, the short coat of a plain dark material to match

for the afternoon:
a black straw hat with
a shallow crown, a brim,
and a veil, and a simple
black dress. Harvey Nichols

for the evening:
a gown of white crêpe
patterned with a small flower
design and wide shoulder capes
which tie in a bow at the back.
Harvey Nichols

Harvey Nichols suggest dull grey crêpon trimmed with a corsage of pale pink roses and a twisted grey and pink belt

photographs on these two pages by Cannons of Hollywood

Books of the Week

People and Places: By "Ericus"

A group of contributors, among whom may be seen Robert Bernays, M.P., John Connell, D. W. Smith, S. Frazer, R. Speaight, Miss G. E. Trevelyan, Richard Oke, L. Hale, T. Lean, P. M. Stockie, and J. Boyd-Carpenter, at a party given at the Savoy to celebrate the publication of "Red Rags," a counter-blast to Oxford Communism, to which they have contributed

Mr. Bernard Watson, of Ivor Nicholson and Watson, the publishing firm, with his wife at St. Pancras previous to their departure to Australasia on the Orama

THERE was once an actress whose sole reply to all questions regarding her ideas about religion, sex, sport, and all the rest of the journalistic formula, was: "I think it 's all just too wonderful." It carried her to Hollywood and a five-figure income. The same simple enthusiasm seems to have inspired Mr. Patrick Braybrooke's biography, *The Amazing Mr. Noel Coward* (Denis Archer; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Mr. Coward is just too amazing. He always was, and will, we hope, continue to be. But Mr. Braybrooke's rather precious chronicle adds little to our knowledge of him and none to our appreciation. Even the extracts we are given from his plays are quite unrepresentative of his best work. In fact, the most revealing thing in the book is the list of his works at the end of it. That at least gives us some idea of his flair for the apt title. And why this alarm and despondency concerning his war service? "Here was Coward, already nearly a genius, asked to prepare himself so that in good time some disgusting little or big German soldier, three parts eaten by lice, could take a pot-shot at him." Well, I mean to say! Quite apart from the fact that such an attitude is completely foreign to Noel Coward's character, this outburst against the inevitable is surely worthier of one of Canute's courtiers than of an experienced biographer. "Naughty, *naughty* sea!" in fact.

VARIOUS people—the French, the Americans, the Portuguese, the Armenians, and the Greeks—have spread themselves on the subject of the inscrutable Englishman. But none with such verve and riotous humour as a Scotsman, Mr. A. G. Macdonell, in *England, their England* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Donald Cameron sets out from his Buchan farmstead to study us in our native haunts. He watches us at work—in the pubs of Fleet Street and the night-clubs of Geneva—and at play—in a village cricket match, a game of "Soccer" at Craven Bridge (now, where is that?), and of golf at Cedar (Moor?) Park, where, incidentally, he has a quiet crack at Mr. Bernard Darwin and his delightful Wellerisms. He also goes on a hilarious week-end to Ormerode Towers, where, owing to the machinations of an eccentric friend who sends him a series of mysterious telephone messages of the "Not-a-word-to-a-soul.—Mussolini" order, he is treated with alarming deference by guests and servants alike. This week-end and the cricket match above mentioned made me laugh longer and louder than anything I have read for months. There are more serious moments—during another week-end in Buckinghamshire, where Donald discusses politics with the gaffers in the Crooked Billet, and on a trip to Dantzig with William Rhodes, a loquacious laddie from Leeds, from whom he probably learns more about England than from the rest of his acquaintances put together. But it is of Mr. Macdonell's delicious humour that I retain the deepest impression. This is a book you must read.

WE can permit the absences abroad of Mr. Charles Graves on the sole condition that he guarantees to write about them. In *Gone Abroad Again* (Nicholson and Watson; 6*s.*), he takes us on another round trip, this time to the Near East; Venice, Corfu, Athens, Constantinople, Rhodes, and so on. And wherever he goes, he discusses the history of people and places with that acuteness of perception that always makes him easy to read. He tells us, by the way, of his only incursion to the fields of fiction. He once wrote a short story and sent it to an editor, who replied that he had been so intrigued with it he had sent it on to six critics for their opinions. Three weeks later—very quick work, this—the editor wrote again: "All six critics say that you must never attempt to write fiction again in any circumstances. I agree with them."

THE mantle of modernity does not suit Mr. W. B. Maxwell. Viola Wetherby, heroine of his latest novel, *This Is My Man* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is, I presume, his idea of the modern married woman, Mr. Maxwell is at home in the drawing-rooms of pre-war Mayfair, in the days when people enjoyed substantial repasts, as opposed to the mere eating of a meal, and women felt the colour of their cheeks heighten and their bosoms fill with a suffocating warmth at a wildly improbable thought. But, frankly, his Viola defeated me. She adores her husband, yet flits promiscuously from lover to lover for no other reason that I could discover than that this was her idea of an outlet for the passion her husband had awakened in her. The husband, intelligent and distinguished, is a pathetic figure. But the obvious solution, a demnition hiding, repeated as required, seems to have escaped him.

I HAVE also read two thrillers—*Why Shoot a Butler?*, by Georgette Heyer (Longmans; 7*s.* 6*d.*), and *Death of a Bridge Expert*, by C. C. Nicolet (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*). What a pity these titles are not transposed! "Why Shoot a Bridge Expert?" would give one such a splendid opportunity for exclaiming enthusiastically "Why not?" As a matter of fact, Mr. Nicolet's repercussions following the death of one of the players in a bridge drive, or swarry, or free-for-all, left me rather cold. The plot is ingenious enough, but the story abounds with the cruder Americanisms, and the style is quite undistinguished.

I CAN, however, recommend *Why Shoot a Butler?*, an excellent yarn of its class, well planned and carried out, like its murders, and with a pleasantly life-like set of characters.

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Here he's the usual principal girl,
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Here he's the famous old principal boy,
So dashing, so loving, and sometimes just coy

Here he's the witch, that nasty old fairy
Who's wicked and spiteful, top-hatted and hairy

Here's that attraction, the pantomime dame,
Whose jokes are so vulgar and always the same

Last, but not least, he's the sweet Fairy Queen,
Who, unlike the old dame, is never obscene

Exclusive Photographs
By John Everard

Sport in the Air and at the Aerodrome: By Capt. C. E. Ward

Racing in India

THE Viceroy's Challenge Trophy was won by Captain Riley, chief instructor to the Delhi Club, who covered the course of 700 miles in a Moth at an average speed of 115 miles an hour. Fastest time was made by a Gipsy Swift, flown by Flight-Lt. Stead, who had flown this machine from England only a few days before the race. His average worked out at 153, which is remarkably high considering that he could not have known the course as well as local competitors. I hear from Hooton that two Swifts have been flying in India for some time, and one of them, with a Pobjoy engine, flown by its owner, Mr. Ali, a Government official, made second fastest time at 124 miles an hour. A total of ten active clubs come under the direction of the parent body, the Aero Club of India and Burmah, of which the principal patron is His Excellency the Viceroy, and the Chairman, Mr. Arthur Moore. During last year the flying time amounted to nearly 10,000 hours, and it might be worth while mentioning that the number of hours flown by Indians exceeded that of the Europeans by more than 1000 hours. Eighty-eight licences to fly were issued during the year, and the clubs now own twenty-eight machines. The Northern India Flying Club, with headquarters at Lahore, is taking over the territory of the Punjab Club, which went into liquidation, and on April 1st next the Lucknow and Cawnpore centres will join forces as the United Provinces Club, leaving the Delhi Club as a separate entity.

By Air Mail to the East

NO announcement has been made so far as to who will operate the extension of Imperial Airways' service across India and Burmah to the Far East and Australia. It seems unlikely that the Indian Government will create its own company to purchase machines and train Indian personnel, as was proposed two years ago, and, in fact, if the service is to commence this year, no British or Indian company except Imperial Airways has the equipment necessary for the work. Any further extension of the route by the use of light aeroplanes would be ridiculous, and in saying this no reflection is intended on the excellent work of the Delhi Club, which has carried the mails from Karachi to the capital during the past year. This was a stop-gap measure adopted by the Indian Government to retain the mail connection with its air gateway, Karachi, until the finances of the country could justify something worthy of the service which was provided up to its borders by Great Britain. The probabilities are that Imperial Airways will augment its fleet to permit of a through service to Singapore by land 'plane, where any extension to Australia must be made by co-operation with an Australian company.

Around the Track

MR. ROBERT PALMER has joined the Brooklands' School as a flying instructor to take the place of Mr. Thorn, now in charge at Sywell. The College of Aeronautical Engineering, with its headquarters in Chelsea, is run in conjunction with the Brooklands organisation, and has a fully equipped hangar, workshops and offices on the aerodrome, where students are trained after the preliminary course in London. Everything possible is done for the convenience and comfort of those continuing their training on the spot, even to the extent of special train connections to and from London. There is a snack bar on the aerodrome as well as the Clubhouse for meals, and plenty of opportunity for outdoor sport. Pupils and members of the various flying Clubs using Brooklands are reminded that the Track opens for the season to-day, and passes will be required for entry.

Mixed sport at Reading Aerodrome. In the intervals between flying instruction, pupils at the Phillips and Powis School can get horses for a gallop round the aerodrome, an excellent tonic after a cold spell aloft

Left: an all-metal Spartan Cruiser at Heston prior to its departure for Iraq, where it will be used on a service from Bagdad to Mosul. In the background, from left to right, can be seen a Puss Moth, a Gipsy Moth, a Klemm, the Percival Gull, and a twin-engined Monospar

New Engines for the Private Owner

THE engine in an aeroplane is a much more important factor than that in a car, for by a change of engine the performance in take-off, climb and level flight may be varied very considerably. Two new engines, suitable for the privately owned machine, are to be available this year, one of which has passed all its tests and promises to bring further renown to its makers, D. Napier and Son, of Acton Vale. It is a six-cylinder inverted type of 155-horse-power, one of which has been installed by Captain Percival in his "Gull" with remarkably good results. The cruising speed has gone up to more than 140 miles an hour, with a top speed in excess of 160 and no sacrifice of payload. The other new engine is a product of the Wolseley Company, and is being flight-tested at Brooklands in a Hawker "Tomtit." It is also air-cooled, but follows the design of all the larger units in this class by being a radial type. The Napier "Six" spent the first year of its flying life undergoing strenuous tests, so it seems unlikely that the Wolseley will be on sale much before the end of the year.

Heston Gets Busy

AT Heston, which is the private pilot's airport for London, they pride themselves always on being ahead of time. In spite of the cold weather, business has increased enormously, this being partly due to the change in fashion from open to closed machines, which are warmer and more comfortable than most cars. Visiting machines on one day, when there was no special attraction, amounted to thirty-three, including twenty-four Moths, an Avro Cadet, a Klemm, a Desoutter, with several Avians and Spartans. The School is very busy and agents report record sales for February.

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

The South v. the Midlands

THE return match between the Southern side of amateurs and professionals raised by Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley and a Midland side of amateurs and professionals raised by Mr. Spencer Newey, took place near London the week-end before last. I am compelled to say "near London" because the match, originally arranged to be played at Addington, was much interfered with by the weather. It will be remembered that, in spite of the magnificently fine week-end confidently predicted by those who make a business of forecasting the weather, the snow not only came down but lay, with the result that the Addington golf course was unplayable on the Saturday and up to lunch time on the Sunday. A certain amount of telephoning, however, established the fact that the neighbouring Chislehurst Golf Club was open for play, and both sides packed into cars and covered the intervening distance.

ON the Saturday, two rounds were played at Chislehurst, and on the Sunday the morning round was also played there, although the teams returned to Addington to play the final round of the match on Sunday afternoon. All connected with the administration of the Chislehurst Golf Club deserve a very hearty pat on the back for their endeavours on the Saturday. They had very little warning of the sudden influx of golfers from Addington, and yet all went quite smoothly. Food had to be purchased and cooked, and this was done so expeditiously that lunch was served at the proper hour. All those who took part in the match were loud in their praise for this tour de force.

BUT the change from Addington to Chislehurst was rather a pity, from the point of view of the match itself. Chislehurst is great fun; but as a golf course it is not in the same class as Addington, and, in any case, although the course was nearly clear of snow, the conditions made it extremely difficult to play good golf. Good golf was played, however, by many individuals on both sides, and if the day's play resulted in rather a landslide in favour of the Southern team, that is not to say that many who came from the Midlands did not put up excellent performances. Notable among these was the gallant spurt of S. T. Matthews, of Moseley, who halved his match with W. L. Hartley—an impressive player at any time, but on this occasion in possession of the added advantage of playing over his own course—after being three down with three holes to play. On the other side, E. F. Storey produced a finish which would merely have been described as typical of him but a few years ago. He was two down to A. S. Newey, who had got out in the good score of 35. Storey squared the match, however, with good threes at the 11th and 12th holes, and became one up with two to play by holing a long putt at the 16th for another three. The short 17th was halved in three, Newey playing the hole gallantly, and Storey perfectly, but disaster overtook both players at the last hole, with Storey coming out the victor.

FURTHER discourse on the match had better be omitted, because conditions were not such as to do justice to the players or their scores, good and bad. General Critchley was himself six under fours, and including Padgham, his partner, nine under fours at the conclusion of their Sunday morning game; others also did well below even an average Chislehurst score, but the result, after all, means but little.

It is in these contests where amateurs and professionals are combined in the teams that a great deal of profit may be derived by both paid and unpaid players of the game. The professional is being given an opportunity of taking part in serious competitive golf at a time when normally he gets no golf at all of this description; the amateur is not only given this advantage, but he is also provided with a chance of playing with the professor and learning from him, both visually and by helpful words. I consider that the amateurs and professionals of this country owe to General Critchley and to Mr. Newey a very real debt of gratitude, not merely for pleasant days spent in the country at their favourite game, but also for the good that it must do their golf. It is in this way that we may hope to win the Ryder Cup again, and perhaps the Walker Cup for the first time.

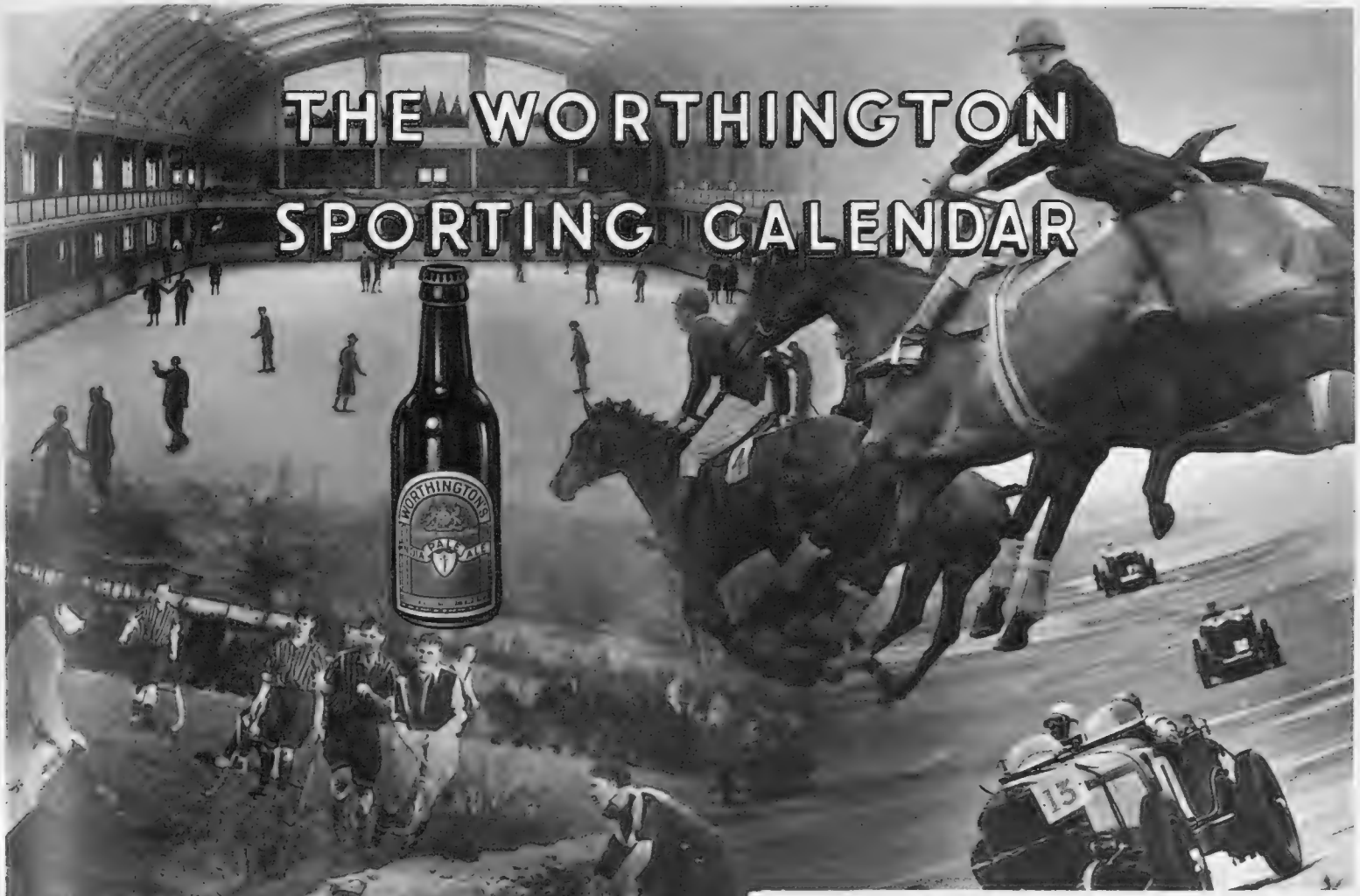
At Chislehurst, where some of the South v. Midlands matches were played: J. T. Mitchley (Midlands) and Brig.-Gen. Critchley (South) waiting their turn at the 11th tee

BUT there is another point of view which I think should be ventilated. These matches are giving the young professionals a small taste of the publicity which is bound to shine on them with what we all hope will not be a blinding glare when the Ryder Cup match comes to be played. There is no doubt that publicity is a thing with which every man who takes part in these international matches must familiarise himself. As far as international matches are concerned, the side to win is the side which contains as individual members men who can play their ordinary good game in the glare of publicity. I maintain that our men get so little that when, sometimes, they find themselves being written about in headlines, it only serves to accentuate in their minds the importance of the occasion, with the inevitable result that they fail to produce their normal game.

Two players in the South v. Midlands Amateur and Professional match, which was won by the South: W. L. Hartley (South) and S.T. Matthews (Midlands), who halved their match

WHAT do we read about in our daily papers on the eve of a championship, when the practice rounds are being played? Nothing but the amazing scores (with full details) made by our American friends and visitors. Our men, it is well known, will match shot for shot perfectly successfully in these practice rounds with their American colleagues; yet they fail to carry on with these good rounds when the Championship itself is played. Why? Because they know that they are (for Championship week only, while they are "news") British hopes, fighting a nerve-racking battle, and this feeling is accentuated by the unaccustomed publicity which they are given.

I SHOULD like to see the young British professional given at least as much publicity as his American visitor; then he might get accustomed to the glare, and be able to produce his normal golf. And his normal golf is quite good enough to win the Ryder Cup and our own Championship back again for Britain.



MARCH, 1933

1st to 15th inclusive

1st ST. DAVID'S DAY.
Racing. Kempton Park; Catterick Bridge Stplchs.
Coursing. South of England Club, Thanet.
Boxing. London Shipping A.B.C., Stadium Club.
Hockey. Army v. R.A.F., Aldershot.
Shows. Hunters & Thoroughbred Stallions, Royal Agricultural Hall.

2nd **Racing.** Kempton Park; Catterick Bridge Stplchs.
Badminton. Surrey Championships, Richmond.

3rd **Racing.** Gatwick; Aldershot Military Steeplechases.
Shows. National Pony Society, Royal Agricultural Hall.

4th **Racing.** Gatwick.
Hockey. Wales v. Ireland, Abergavenny. International Trial Match, Southend-on-Sea.
Assoc. Football. 6th round F.A. Cup.
Rugby. Royal Navy v. Army, Twickenham. Upper Clapton v. Westcombe Park. London Welsh v. Penarth.
Athletics. Ten Miles Junior Road Walking Championship, Birmingham.
Motoring. Southport M.C. Race Meeting.
Motor Cycling. Victory Trial, Birmingham M.C.C.
Shows. National Pony Society, Royal Agricultural Hall.
Skating. International Figure Skating Championships, Bournemouth.

6th **Racing.** Shirley and Wye Steeplechases.
Rackets. Amateur Doubles Championships, Queen's Club.
Badminton. All-England Championships begin, Royal Horticultural Hall.

7th **Racing.** National Hunt Meeting, Cheltenham.
Boxing. London Federation of Boys' Clubs, Royal Albert Hall.

8th **Racing.** National Hunt Meeting, Cheltenham.
Boxing. Charity Tournament, Cheltenham.

9th **Racing.** National Hunt Meeting, Cheltenham.

10th **Racing.** Hurst Park Stplchs.
Boxing. Army Championships, Royal Albert Hall.

11th **Racing.** Hurst Park Steeplechases. Salisbury Plain Military Meeting.
Hockey. Ireland v. Scotland, Cork.
Rugby. Ireland v. Wales, Belfast. Upper Clapton v. Trojans. Wasps v. Bank of England.
Athletics. National Cross Country Championships, Alderley Edge. Queen's Park Harriers 3½ miles Road Handicap, Northolt.
Assoc. Football. F.A. Amateur Cup, Semi-Final. Welsh Senior Cup, 6th round.
Motoring. B.A.R.C. Opening Meeting, Brooklands.

13th **Racing.** Wolverhampton Steeplechases.
Rackets. Amateur Singles Champs., Queen's Club.
Skating. Women's Figure Skating, Park Lane Ice Club.
Boxing. Basingstoke and District B.C.

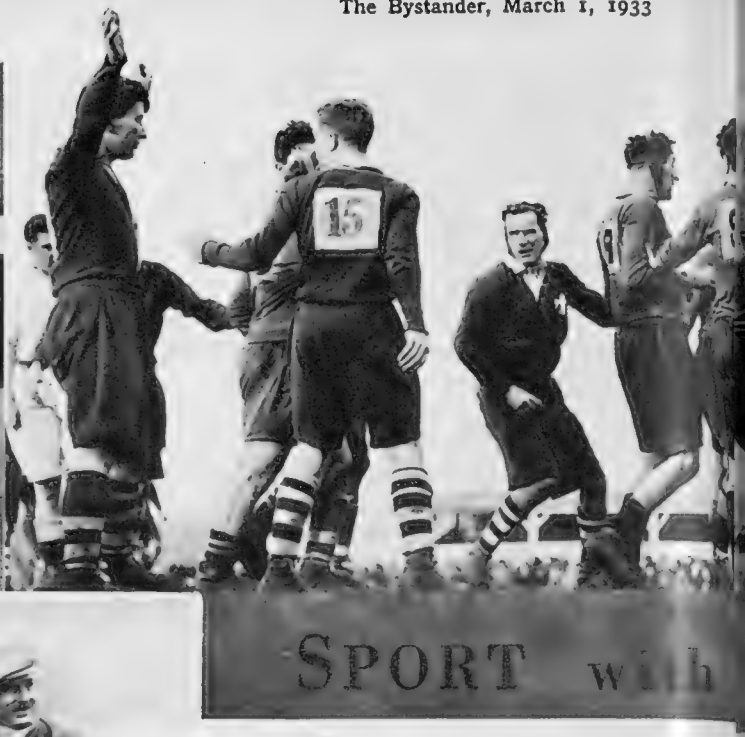
14th **Racing.** Wolverhampton Steeplechases.
Boxing. N.W. London Div. Championships, Kentish Town
Motoring. R.A.C. Rally.

15th **Racing.** Chelmsford Stplchs.
Skating. Half-mile Championship of Gt. Britain, Purley.
Motoring. R.A.C. Rally.
Assoc. Football. Royal Navy v. Isthmian League, Wimbledon.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Foiled Again!

Oxford were beaten for the third successive year in the Inter-'Varsity Fencing Contest. The picture shows H. Walston, in the foreground, the Cambridge Captain, and Julio de Amodio, the Oxford Captain engaged



The Hospitals Rugby Cup

The St. Mary's team standing in a most appealing manner during the match against Guy's Hospital, at Richmond, when the latter won by the margin of a single point

Below: C. P. Green (Trinity) winning the 220-yards low hurdles against Downing in the final of the C. U. Inter-Collegiate Sports

Needle Golf

Eric Fiddian (Midlands) and E. F. Storey (South), competitors in the South v. Midlands golf match played at Chislehurst

So Miss Wethered is a professional golfer—or isn't she? By the strict rules of the game she is no longer an amateur, at any rate, since she is concerned—I forget exactly how it goes—with the sale, disposal of golfing stock, equipment, and so on. In fact, she is making money out of her prowess at the game, and there you are.

Very wisely, she has herself made it clear that she will retire from representative golf, rather than have her amateur status questioned.

Well, it is all very complicated. Normally, my sympathies are entirely with the strictest application of the amateur definition—I hold no brief whatever for the bond-selling golfers of America or the half-commission men who throng our own courses. Still, it is mighty difficult to think of Miss Wethered as a professional, and very sad to realise that she may never again shame us into a sense of our own inefficiency when she plays in the mixed foursomes at Worplesdon.

But it occurs to me that all this bother about her status has unfortunate implications. Why do we shrink from regarding Miss Wethered as a professional? Is it because we think that professionals, as a class, are unworthy folk? Surely not—and golf professionals particularly have our affection. I must admit that I detest the idea of playing games as a life's work, but I think we must be careful not to confuse the issue. There is nothing disreputable about being a professional, though I believe there are professional games players who are inevitably spoilt by the conditions under which they are forced to earn their living.

But the point is that it makes no difference whether Miss Wethered is technically a professional or an amateur. And, incidentally, if we are going to be really strict, I myself, James Bagworthy Mark Over, am a professional also. I earn my living largely by writing about games, and I was given my first step on the ladder of journalistic fame because of a certain proficiency in open-air pastimes. And how about my colleagues—great men like Bernard Darwin, W. J. A. Davies, "Plum" Warner and old Uncle Wignall, and all? Are they, too, mercenaries trailing behind the noble army of amateurs? It is a hard world, my brothers, but we pros. have our pride. And so, removing my pen of solid gold from behind my ear, and making the runic symbols of my craft, I prostrate myself for your service and the depletion of the editorial exchequer.

And while we are on the subject of exchequers, we shall soon have some bright spark asking whether amateurs can afford to run the risk of injury in a game like Rugby football. This season, D. Burland, R. A. Gerrard, R. Spong, A. Vaughan-Jones, of England, and E. W. F. de V. Hunt,

Taking t

Coppernob and his rider, Mr. Ri... Sandown Open Hunters' Steeple

the LID OFF

Oxford were beaten by Cambridge at Hockey, and the picture above shows the latter scoring a goal, with the Oxford goalkeeper kneeling on the ground and Cambridge forwards clustering round

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

S. Waide, and P. Murray, of Ireland, are among those who have been more or less seriously injured, and once more people are beginning to wonder whether Rugby football is not too dangerous a game. To the spectator, there may appear to be some grounds for this question; to the player it is nonsense. I think, myself, that Rugby is the safest of games—real games, that is to say, which are bound to contain an element of danger. Minor injuries may come your way—I remember having my nose broken on two successive Saturdays—but very rarely is anyone seriously hurt. Compared with mixed hockey, let us say, Rugby football is the mildest of sports.

Another finish in the Cambridge University Second Division Inter-Collegiate sports, when Trinity beat Downing by 64 2-3rds points to 41 1-3rd. P. J. Barnwell (Downing) winning the mile from A. Spruell (Downing)

Toss at Sandown

parting company at the water jump, in the hase won by Dusty Foot. Mr. J. H. Whitney up

BOXING seems to be a little dangerous at the moment. I'm sorry, incidentally, to hear that Jeff Dickson is arranging fights for Carnera in Europe. I've nothing against Carnera—from what I've seen of him personally I like him—but he just is too big for the ordinary opponent. Clever boxers may tie him up and beat him on points, but I, for one, am always conscious that Carnera must be pulling his punches. Having watched him once, out of sheer curiosity, I doubt whether the spectators would want to see him again, and my own opinion is that if a fight is arranged for him in this country, it will prove to be a flop.

THEN I note that Len Harvey has been matched with Eddie Phillips in the final eliminating bout for the light-heavy-weight championship.

An ambitious fellow, Harvey, but I think he would be wiser to stay in his own division. There are plenty of good middle-weights around, and there's no need for Harvey to go butting in among the big boys just yet. Up North they think a great deal of Jock McAvoy, and he's a promising lad, though the only time I've seen him he began flashily and blew up completely before the end of his fight, though he managed to win on points.

A CERTAIN lawn tennis critic has been nicknamed the "Astronomer Royal" because he is always finding new stars, but there is no necessity to use a very large telescope to discern that in Miss Sheila Hewitt we have a young English girl who should have a future before her on the tennis courts.

Her record on the Riviera this year up to date is, I hope, a foretaste of even better things to come, for it is no mean achievement to beat Fräulein Aussem, the Wimbledon winner of 1931, not once, but twice, and the second victory was more easily gained than the first.

FOR the sake of English lawn tennis, and women's lawn tennis in particular, for promising players have not improved in the way they should, I do hope that Miss Hewitt will be allowed to mature naturally and not be raised on a pinnacle by the Press, and her game spoilt thereby. Nothing is more fatal to a young player than to be made "crowd conscious," and to get an exalted idea of her own importance.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

"SWEET LAVENDER."

The Survival of a Perfume which has Epitomised Fastidious Taste Through the Centuries.

THERE is a certain intangible quality which survives fashion or, more accurately, is incorporated in fashion at its best: one may call it "good taste," "elegance," "refinement" . . . but it is undeniable that some things, superficially fashionable, are often either obviously or inexplicably vulgar, while others are recognisably *right*. One may attempt to explain this by saying that this is because they are acceptable to the "right people" but, in these days of changing social standards, this is scarcely explicit, and calls for an analysis of what endows certain people with the discrimination denied to others.

PERFUME is one of the most subtle expressions of this mysterious power of correct selection. In Victorian days it was actually a social solecism to use certain perfumes: musk and patchouli had definite anti-social implications! To-day, perfumes are so ingeniously blended that there are scents suited to every taste and the expression of every personality. Their names are suggestive, eloquent, provocative. It is, therefore, interesting that a fragrance, delicate, unpretentious, and frank of nomenclature, should have survived through centuries of fashion in perfume, and should, to-day, be the favourite perfume for toilet accessories among a selective and fastidious public.

IN 1770, when Queen Caroline's brilliant Court promenaded in Rotten Row, the rustling silks of the "lovelies" of the day exhaled the subtle, delicious fragrance of "Sweet Lavender." And long before that time the scent from lavender had "had its day" with Fashion's most fastidious exponents. It is the oldest of all English perfumes. It is mentioned in the works of the Abbess Hildegard, who lived in the twelfth century. Charles VI. of France used lavender sachets in his raiment. It has been cultivated in England, for the purpose of making essences and toilet waters, since the sixteenth century, and, to-day, its refreshing, pure, and lovely fragrance is still recognised and preferred by people who appreciate a subtle and delicious scent in their toilet accessories and do not subscribe to passing fashions for pungent and exotic odours.

Just as the scent of lavender has always been associated with England—it grows particularly well in Surrey, where its cultivation has become an "industry"—so the name of Yardley has become almost inseparable from toilet products scented with pure lavender. For centuries this English firm have been specialists in the distillation and presentation of toilet luxuries perfumed with lavender. "Yardley's Lavender Water" is a household word throughout the world, and wherever it goes it takes a breath of England with it—the England that is in our hearts, gardens and linen closets: English rooms fragrant with the emanation of the centuries and the silks of women of all the ages, who valued delicate, ineffable sweetness. The history of lavender would make another *Cavalcade*!

To-day, the true lavender essence is preserved by Yardley of Bond Street not only in the scent, but in all the essentials which form the base of a fastidious toilet: soap, bath salts, talcum powder, and even face powder and rouge. And so the promenade of exquisite women and exquisite perfume goes on through the changing centuries . . .

"The Bystander" Ladies' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (11th Year)

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but THE BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from visitors from other countries without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Friday, April 7th.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change.

Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

THE BYSTANDER reserves the right to close the entry list before April 7th should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

The Directors of THE BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

By kind permission of Moortown, competitors may practise over the course on Monday, April 24th, without payment of green fee.

"The Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1933, will be held at Moortown, near Leeds, by kind invitation, April 25th and following days.

Holders: MISS BERYL BROWN and MRS. BARBOUR.

HOTELS

The Bystander headquarters will be **The Prince of Wales Hotel**, Harrogate, on bus route to Moortown. Inclusive terms for not less than three days, rooms, baths, breakfast and dinner, 14/- inner rooms, 15/- front rooms. With lunch and tea, 17/6 and 18/6. Free garage to residents.

Granby Hotel, Harrogate. Hotel bus available to connect with Moortown bus. Inclusive terms, meals, baths, rooms, and after-dinner coffee, 14/6 per head. With lunch and tea, 18/6 per head.

Queen Hotel, Harrogate. Rooms, baths, breakfast and dinner, 15/- per head, or 12/6 without dinner. With all meals, 18/-.

Lion House Private Hotel, West Park, Harrogate, on bus route. Full board residence, £3 3s. per week or 12/6 per day, including baths and after-dinner coffee. Partial board, 9/- per day.

Queen's Hotel, Leeds. Inclusive terms, all meals, room, baths, and after-dinner coffee, 22/- per day or 17/6 without lunch or tea.

Buses every fifteen minutes to and from Harrogate to Moortown: time, 36 minutes; fare, 2/3 return. Leeds to Moortown ditto: time, 12 minutes; fare, 8d. return.

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes N. P. F. A. Competition

(2nd Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy: MISS ESTHER BLACK.

In conjunction with THE BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes, a Score Competition, open only to entrants for the Foursomes, will be held by the courtesy of the Club at Sand Moor G. C., adjoining Moortown, for the Challenge Trophy kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill. Two shillings entrance for the first card, 1s. for each subsequent card. The whole of these fees will be sent to the N.P.F.A., 25% to the Yorkshire West Riding Branch if the total exceeds £10.

The Trophy will be given for the best card, singles, 18 holes under handicap, returned by a competitor who has been beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting list. A scratch prize will also be given.

Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish from Tuesday, April 25th, to Friday, April 28th, inclusive. Cards to be returned by 6 o'clock on the Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and by 12.30 p.m. on the Friday.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps. The first card taken out each day counts as an L.G.U. Open Meeting score for reduction of handicap, which will take effect for subsequent rounds.

Ties to be decided on the last nine holes; further ties on the last six, last three, or as the Golf Editor and the Hon. Sec., Sand Moor G. C., may decide.

MOORTOWN — NO ENTRANCE FEE

"THE BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Eleventh Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Friday, April 7th.

"The Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Moortown, near Leeds, on April 25th, 1933, and following days.

Please enter

Mrs. / Miss .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home address.....

Telephone number.....

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. / Miss .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home address.....

Telephone number.....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address, to Miss Helme, as above, or after April 22nd to Prince of Wales Hotel, Harrogate. Telegrams: Helme Elegance Harrogate. Tel.: 4676 Harrogate.

COMMENCING MONDAY NEXT MARCH 6.

GLOVE : STOCKING and SHOE WEEK at Marshall & Snelgrove

New Spring Purchases at Remarkable Prices.

NOW comes the smart woman's opportunity to buy her Gloves, Stockings and Shoes for next season at very unusual prices. The few examples given herewith convey some idea of the tempting nature of the reductions which are available from March 6th to 11th. . . .

"LE GUI" LISLE

"Le Gui" Fine French Lisle Stockings are known and appreciated by fashionably dressed women all the world over. This fil d'ecosse lisle has all the appearance and beauty of real silk, especially after washing. These stockings are fully fashioned and obtainable in all colours and sizes, with lace clox. Usual price, 3/11 per pair. 25,000 pairs offered at half price - - - - - - - - - per pair **2/-**

ENGLISH PURE SILK

An unusual value even for Marshall & Snelgrove's. The finest gauge English Pure Silk Stockings, with lace clox. Really beautiful quality. In all colours and sizes. Slightly sub-standard, hence the amazing reduction. Usually 8/11 to 10/6. 3 pairs for 11/9. **Special Offer:** per pair **4/-**

"ARISTOC" and "MARSHELLA"

"ARISTOC" and "MARSHELLA"—the stockings so well known and so well trusted. With Lisle feet and tops. Made of extra heavy weight silk in a large range of colours, and lace clox. Reduced from 6/11 and 7/11. These are slightly sub-standard, hence the amazing **Special Price** of - - - - - - - per pair **4/6**

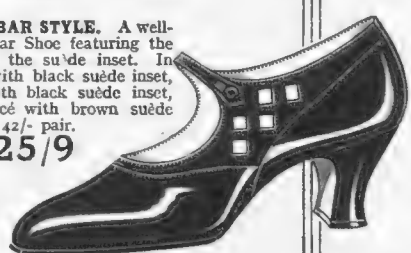
Special Purchase of WASHABLE HOGSKIN GLOVES

Reliable Washable Hogskin, in the beautiful golden fawn colours. **Special Price** which cannot be repeated per pair **8/11**

Sent on approval.

THE QUALITY COURT. Specially designed and made for Marshall and Snelgrove's, in selected black or brown calf, with leather Cuban heel. All sizes 3's to 9's. Usually 29/6 pair. **Special price for one week 16/9**

Calf and suède are effectively used in making these new Cruise or Sports Shoes, which are offered at a remarkably low price, with crêpe rubber sole and comfortable covered heel. In one-bar or instep tie styles. In black/white and brown/white. All sizes 3's to 9's. Usually 25/9 pair. **Special price for one week 16/9**



A NEW ONE-BAR STYLE. A well-designed one-bar Shoe featuring the new vogue of the suède inset. In black patent with black suède inset, black glacé with black suède inset, and brown glacé with brown suède inset. Usually 42/- pair. **Special price for one week 25/9**

SUMMER MONK. Beautiful examples of the Shoemaker's Craftsmanship. These excellent quality summer Monk Shoes are available in tan or black calf, with leather military heels. Usual price 35/9 pair. **Special price 16/9**

CATALOGUE FREE ON REQUEST.

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CARS with a Personality

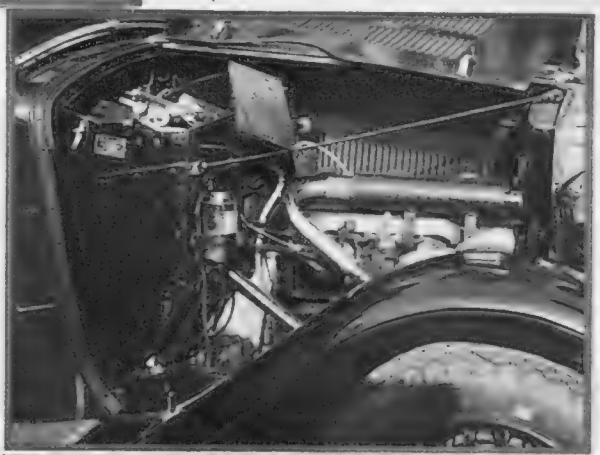
The 14-h.p. Rover "Pilot"

By The Earl of Cardigan

Ample space is provided for the back-seat passengers. It is worth noting that this saloon body was awarded first prize in the recent coachwork competition at Olympia

The 14-h.p. Rover has "lines" which are above reproach. It is, however, a thoroughly substantial and comfortable car, spacious and well designed

Right: the engine is very smooth and silent, and at the same time notably efficient. An excellent and helpful point is that, behind the tool-box, the whole of the electric wiring is instantly accessible



IN writing of a car such as the Rover "Pilot," there is a strong temptation to discourse at great length upon its one particularly striking and unusual feature—in this case, the free-wheel device. To do this, however, is rather unfair to the car as a whole; for, quite apart from any special novelties, this Rover model is a thoroughly sound, and by no means unattractive, proposition. It is good-looking, comfortable, and possessed of a very lively road performance.

The coachbuilt saloon body, incidentally, was awarded first prize in the Olympia coachwork competition. This decision, to my mind, reflects great credit on the judges; for the bodywork appears to be embellished by no special "frills." Its lines are mainly orthodox, and it is chiefly notable for solid comfort with a high degree of practical convenience.

The 14-h.p. engine is remarkable for its exceptionally smooth and silent running. It accelerates briskly, and throughout its range remains entirely vibrationless. The speedometer, a trifle optimistic, records a top-gear maximum of 65-70 m.p.h. My own estimate would be a genuine 60 m.p.h., with the very useful speed of 40 m.p.h. in the silent third gear.

The brakes, operated hydraulically, are excellent in every way, and the steering is particularly light and pleasant. The springing also is unusually good, being efficient both at high and low speeds. Altogether, one would say, an admirable motor-car, very reasonably priced at £258.

In addition to all this, we have the free-wheel. This, as I understand it, has two functions. First, it behaves *as* a free-wheel, enabling the car to "coast" when the engine is not actually driving it. Secondly, it provides a very simple and effective alternative to the several forms of easy gear-changing mechanism now becoming popular. It is not permanently in operation, since, by turning a knob, ordinary "fixed" transmission is obtained if desired.

Regarded as an easy gear-changing device, the free-wheel seems to be very nearly perfect. It does not make a bad change absolutely silent—but so nearly so that the slight jarring of gear-wheels is a negligible factor. Once the car is on the move, the clutch need not be used, and any reasonable change is imperceptible. Also, there can be no jerk, since the engine cannot take up the drive until accelerated to the proper speed. With regard to automatic "coasting," the effect of the free-wheel is uniformly pleasant. One does *not*, as I had half-expected, feel that the car is trying to "run away" when the accelerator pedal is released. On the contrary, the sensation is a restful one. There is an economy in petrol, and one can at once revert to solid drive in hilly country, the change-over demanding relatively little skill. Without doubt, the free-wheel is an asset and an innovation which the motorist does well to study.

The doors are wide, and the seating position very comfortable. Both the windscreen and the sliding roof can be opened simply and conveniently

No space is wasted around the instrument panel. There are three very useful cubby-holes. On the extreme right can be seen the knob controlling the free-wheeling mechanism

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CVS—28

The Doggy World

Some Questions Answered : By Lady Kitty Ritson

I HAVE received a letter from a correspondent who asks me to reply through this paper as to the advisability of whipping a dog when he is "naughty." But she does not give me much to go upon, as she does not say in what manner he misbehaves himself when he is out. If he does not come when he is called, it is quite useless beating him, as he will never come again. If, on the other hand, he fights other dogs, he may well get a mild whipping. She says she is afraid of hurting him with a whip, but she need not use one; a stroke or two on his flanks (never anywhere else) with the lead will be quite sufficient.

SHE also asks for some advice upon the care of puppies, as a friend of hers has acquired one and wants to know how to bring it up. I answer such hundreds of letters in the course of the year that I have learned that most novices fail over the matter of food, hardly anybody giving sufficient dry food, and also apparently being afraid of meat. You cannot go far wrong with any dog if you feed it with meat and biscuit, biscuit and meat, and occasionally give a little change as, for instance, fish or rabbit. Many people lay great stress upon the need for variety, but I am not convinced that this is necessary to the dog's health, for very often they won't look at the fresh fare provided. It is no argument to say that you or I would be bored with the same food, because we have civilised and vitiated palates. However, if you have a puppy of about ten weeks old, you cannot go far wrong if you give it some of Spiller's puppy biscuits crumbled (not mashy) with good gravy at eight o'clock. Then, at midday, dry biscuit and cooked meat; at four o'clock, raw meat and dry biscuit; and at eight o'clock a dry biscuit and a small drink of milk. I don't believe in cow's milk for puppies as a food: this last drink is merely a concession to a small puppy, and should be discontinued when it is three months old.

Can't Dogs Smile?

What are these two doing if they're not smiling? They are Welsh Corgis Trier of Sealy and Titus of Sealy, owned by Mrs. V. Higgins

BE certain that your pup has a dry and non-draughty place to sleep in; an old kennel with no proper door is NOT suitable. It must either have a box in the scullery, filled with straw, or the same box out of doors, but, of course, in an outhouse or garage. Remember that if the garage has a cement floor, the box must not stand upon the floor, but must rest upon four bricks, as cement strikes upward very coldly. If there is a car in the garage, see that the petrol is turned off—this is very important, as otherwise the smell is apt to be injurious. If the pup is sleeping out of doors in an outhouse, the box must have a sack hung over the front, so as to enable it to conserve its own body heat. On very cold nights, the sleeping-place should be warmed with a lamp or stove before the pup is finally put to bed, but not, of course, left there.

Do not expect a puppy to be clean at night until it is at least five months old. Never let it go to bed damp, or lie in damp straw, for that is worse than cold. If it has got wet during the day and has laid in the straw, that same straw must be aired by the fire, or else fresh bedding provided.

In my next article, I will give directions on house-training and grooming.

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OMELETTE AU PARMESAN

CHEESE AND RICE CROQUETTES
(A BREAKFAST DISH)

CHEESE CRAB
(A SAVOURY)

Cheese Fondue

WARM a quarter of a pint of milk, dissolve in it a pinch of carbonate of soda and stir in 1 oz. of bread-crumbs; leave for a quarter of an hour, then add 3 oz. of grated cheese, 1 oz. of butter (warmed), the yolks of two eggs, pepper and salt, and, last of all, stir in the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Butter a soufflé dish, half fill with the mixture, and bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve at once, or it will fall and be heavy.

Cheese Sauce

MAKE a white roux with rather more than 1 oz. of butter and a heaped dessertspoonful of flour, and stir till the mixture drops off the spoon; now add gradually half a pint of hot milk, continue stirring, and then add a heaped-up tablespoonful of grated cheese. The yolk of an egg added is an improvement, but not a necessity. The sauce should be thick and creamy and very hot.

Omelette au Parmesan

BREAK three eggs into a basin and whip them well, adding salt and pepper and 2 oz. of grated cheese (Parmesan). Melt 1 oz. of butter in a pan, and when quite hot pour in the egg mixture and stir quickly to prevent sticking. Keep shaking the pan, spread it over the bottom to let it cook through, and watch it very carefully. When just set, put a knife under the omelette and fold it over. When of a pale brown colour, turn it out of the pan into a hot dish and serve immediately.

Cheese and Rice Croquettes

WASH ½-lb. of rice and simmer slowly in a quart of milk and water until the rice is swollen and the quart of liquid all absorbed. Then place in a colander before the fire and shake occasionally until the rice is quite dry. Add a cupful each of breadcrumbs and grated cheese, a little salt and cayenne; then roll into balls, dip each into egg and melted butter, and fry a golden brown. Sprinkle with grated cheese and serve either hot or cold.

Cheese Crab

TAKE about 2 oz. of grated cheese, ½-oz. of butter, a small teaspoonful of made mustard, the same quantity of anchovy paste, and a little pepper and salt. Mash all well together with a silver fork and put into small china cases. Decorate with parsley and serve with thin slices of toast.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON MARCH

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

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For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of.....of which I am a member.

Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

I HAVE received a somewhat unusual communication this week from a correspondent who tells me that my advocacy of the "Tote" for use on certain carefully selected greyhound tracks has inspired her to write to me endorsing my views, and suggesting that some consideration of this troublous question from the feminine standpoint might prove of interest. I said "unusual" in describing this letter, my reason being that, of all other communications which I have received from time to time regarding this vexed matter, the writers have invariably been men. I think, therefore, it is only fitting that I should pay due deference to my correspondent by quoting her letter in full. But before I do so I would like to point out that her championship only goes to prove the universal interest being taken by all sections of the community in the Government's eventual decision.

HERE is her letter: "I have read with much interest your articles in THE BYSTANDER of the past few weeks relative to the suggested banning of the 'Tote' from greyhound racing tracks, while yet retaining it upon those courses reserved for horse-racing. Surely the mere difference in animals cannot blind a Parliament, however obtuse, to the essential fact that the primary object in both cases is identically similar? A race, be it run by dogs or horses, remains indubitably a race: money gambled upon such a race is prone in either instance to precisely the same risks of chance. Why, therefore, should the conditions in which money is gained or lost in one of these sports prove of exclusive interest, while complete indifference is manifested towards these same conditions when operating in the case of the other sport? Why this disparity in treatment where there is so entire a unity in kind?

"To the lay mind the answer would seem to be obvious: such inequality in the administration of law, such unjust partiality on the part of justice, can be due to but one or perhaps all of three things, namely, judicial ignorance, official stupidity, or, worst of all, class favouritism. There can, however, be small possibility that the powers that be are either ignorant or stupid; they have been given little chance to be the first and, in all due fairness, one must concede that among the members composing such a body stupidity ranks undoubtedly low. We come, then, to the third and last alternative, in my opinion far the gravest of all three, that of class favouritism; and here, I think, lies the key to the whole farcical situation.

"A law for the rich, a law for the poor—a policy which, in these days of democratic thought, cannot hope to succeed, but must, like the cancerous growth it is, eventually kill the body that has given it life. A Government that passes such a Bill will be committing an act of suicidal folly: one from which it cannot hope ever to recover.

"My opinion is completely unbiased. I have attended the race meetings of both dog and horses for more years (in the latter case) than I care to remember; the coming of the 'Tote' has placed both sports upon a basis where, in the chance of selection, one gambles only in that elusive quantity, Luck, and has not also to bear the brunt of a mistake in choice of the human element concerned by the eventual welching of a "bookie." This security, in the case of the greyhound racing tracks, is now most unfairly threatened. I do, however, admit the justice of a certain limitation of 'Totes' to carefully selected tracks, and if these words of mine are of any value to you in your campaign for this object, you have, need I assure you, my full permission to publish them (omitting my name). In the fervent hope that fair dealing will eventually triumph,

I remain, Your Interested Reader."

Wild Woolley, the winner of the 1932 Derby, looked as if he couldn't understand what all the white stuff was when he was taken out in the snow for exercise at Northaw

I FEEL that this letter calls for no further comment from me, but as a specimen of general thought upon this matter, it is of great interest, and I gratefully thank my correspondent for her letter.

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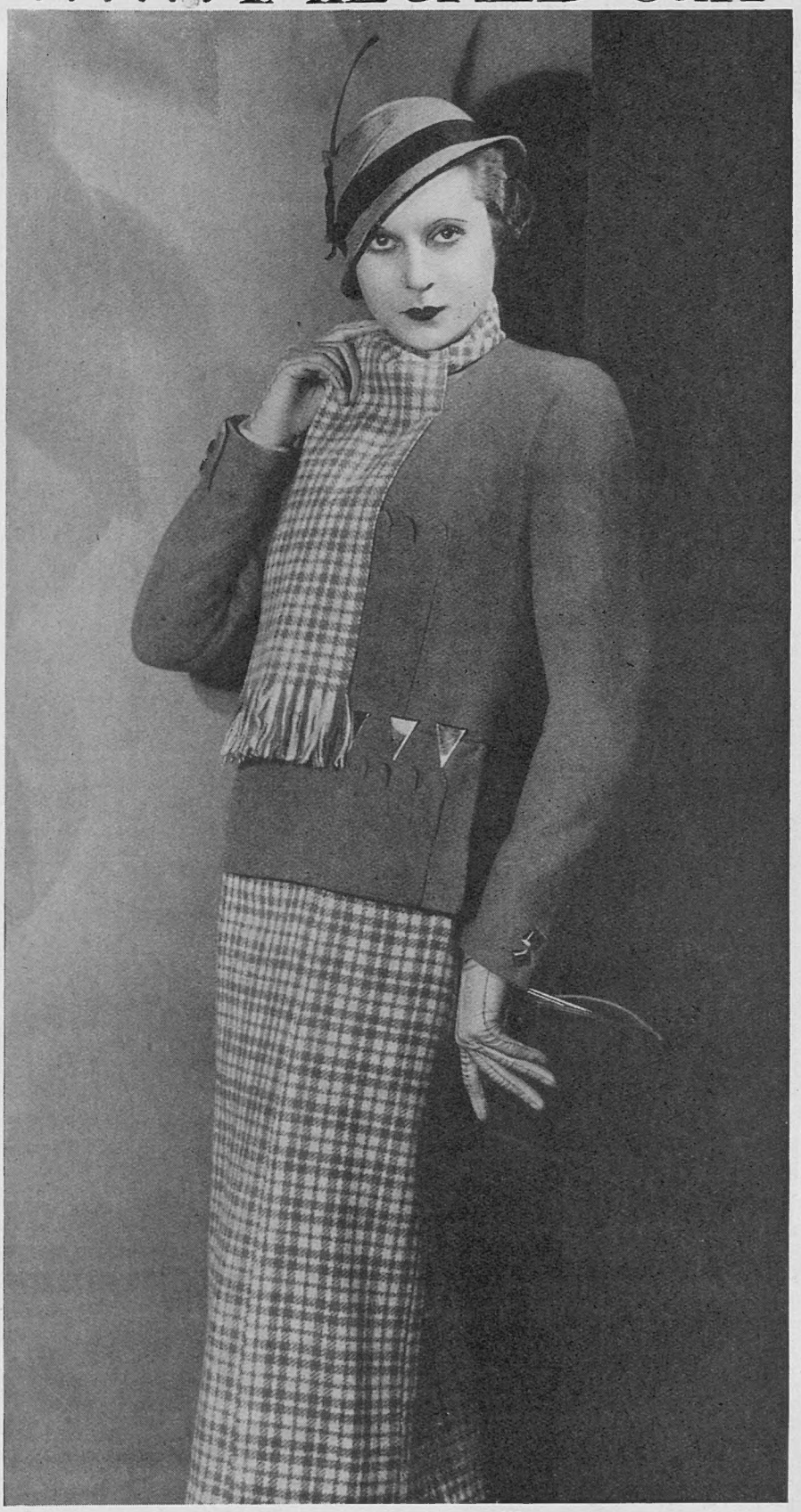

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